

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 16, 1886.

No. 754, New Series.

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LITERATURE.

"English Worthies": Ben Jonson. By J. A. Symonds. (Longmans.)

A LIFE of Ben Jonson was very much wanted. The facts, indeed, had been made out with faithful care by Gifford, and of his account it may be said that there is nothing to add to it and hardly anything to correct; but his "memoirs" was a piece of pioneer's work, each step won by hard fighting and defended by most splenetic notes on Mr. Malone, Mr. A. Chalmers, the "maggoty-pated" Awdrey, and, in fact, all previous biographers. A little book was much needed which should do for Ben Jonson what Mr. Gosse so well did for Gray—that is, put together the ascertained facts of his life into readable form. And this Mr. Symonds has done most satisfactorily in the biographical portions of the present volume.

Of the life of Jonson, when all is said, we know but little. We know that he was a posthumous child, and that his mother married a master-bricklayer; that he went to school at Westminster, and was under Camden; that soon after he left school he enlisted to avoid following his stepfather's trade, and served in the Low Countries with some glory; that when he came home he turned playwright, and under James, who made him laureate, became the great furnisher of masques to the court and city companies, remaining until his death the acknowledged dictator of wit and learning. These facts Mr. Symonds has duly elaborated and woven skilfully together, and he has been able here and there to add something to the scanty records. First, by the help of heraldry. If Mr. Labouchere had read the early pages of this volume before the debate on the estimates, he might have grown in respect for the Lyon King at Arms; for it is to that abused functionary we owe the corroboration of Jonson's statement to Drummond of Hawthornden, that his family came from Annandale, and his father was a "gentleman." How it was done, how "three spindles or rhombi" turn out to be really "cushions," only "lozenge-wise," may be read and admired in Mr. Symonds's first pages.

On another point also something has been added. Jonson had told Drummond that "being appealed to the fields, he had killed his adversarie . . . to the which he was imprisoned, and almost at the gallows." Nothing more was known of this duel until Mr. Collier printed a letter of Henslowe's, from which it appeared that the "adversarie" was an actor of his, named Gabriel Spencer. Now, Mr. J. C. Jeaffreson has produced from the Middlesex Sessions files Jonson's indictment, with the clerk of the peace's memorandum, which he thus translates: "He confesses the

indictment, asks for the book, reads like a clerk, is marked with the letter T, and is delivered according to the statute," &c. In the indictment Spencer is described as "being in God's and the said Lady the Queen's peace," but it does not follow from this, as Mr. Symonds argues, that "Jonson's mortal attack upon him takes the semblance of an unprovoked or unsolicited encounter." The phrase was a common form, and appears in every indictment of the period.

One other biographical point must be noticed where Mr. Symonds has done great service. Gifford, in his anxiety to make Jonson a hero all round, found it necessary to rail at Drummond, whom, in one passage, he likens to the Pharisee in the parable, and in another calls a "bird of prey," even hinting that some of his stories were "foisted in" to the conversations. Mr. Symonds points out that the notes were made by Drummond merely for his own use, and devotes several interesting pages to their discussion, summing up as follows:

"After spending some days in a country house alone with its master, few men would care to have their characters sketched by him upon the morning of their departure. The situation is one unfavourable to impartial and judicial summing up. And here was a precise, highly-cultivated, gentlemanly Scotsman, who had been entertaining the dictator of London taverns, and the would-be censor of his age. Jonson's frailties had certainly made themselves sufficiently manifest. His boisterous self-assertion, his broad criticism, his bragging independence, his wine-bibbing propensities, his heat of temper, and rough indifference to opinion, his huge ungainly personality puffed up with a Titanic consciousness of strength, were sufficient to overpower the ceremonious and compassed Scotch laird. Drummond, we may be sure, was not sorry on January 19, 1619, when he dated this review of Jonson's character, to be rid of the great man's company. And yet we feel, throughout his notes, that he was interested in Jonson and respectful of his judgment. . . . For those who can bear to look dispassionately upon both Jonson and his host, and who can make reasonable allowances for the conditions under which the latter drew up his recollections, the sketch will have the value of a bad photograph. . . . A merciless photograph is better than a flattering oil picture by Lawrence."

In the chapters which deal with the story of Jonson's life Mr. Symonds has inserted several little essays: one on the English drama before 1598, the date of "Every Man in his Humour" (misprinted 1698 on p. 23), another on the word "humour." But the main body of his criticism is contained in separate chapters headed "Jonson's Dramatic Style," "The Masterpieces," "Masques at Court and Lyrics"; and it may be said at once that the criticism throughout is most sympathetic, showing Mr. Symonds to be "sealed of the tribe of Ben," although he cannot be said to hold a brief for him. The points in Jonson's style to which Mr. Symonds calls special attention are his keen observation of humours—superficial, indeed, but accurate so far as it went; the prodigious learning which his memory could precipitate on the commonest incidents; his genius for constructing plots and managing stage-business, and his fatal inability to stop at the right moment. All these points, on which few readers of Jonson could be found to disagree with him, are

worked out by Mr. Symonds in his characteristic manner.

"To use German phrases, the romantic sphere of art is *das Werdende*, not *das Bestimmte*; character in process of formation, not fixed types. It is just here that Jonson diverged most radically from the spirit of the English drama in his age. He starts with character, set, formed, fully defined; a master passion in complete empire; the man absorbed in his specific humour. This he unfolds with inexhaustible variety and brilliant wit before our eyes. He creates as many situations and occasions as he can for its display. But it never alters. . . . For his prose I must confess a deep and reverent partiality. Its massive periods are moulded with a force anticipating Milton at his best; and at times he sparkles into epigrams and fiery bits of passion emitted in single sentences, beyond which it were impossible for our speech to travel. . . . His blank verse is always manly, always individual. It is rough-hewn with the sinews of a Cyclops; but no Praxitelean finish has been bestowed upon this brawny chisel-work; no Ariel of the spirit has blown the poet's feeling into the fine stuff of thought. It wants lightness and the charm of chance. . . . What we most marvel at in his writings is the prodigious brain-work of the man, the stuff of constant and inexhaustible cerebration they contain. . . . Without predecessor and without legitimate successor, he stands alone, colossal, iron-jointed, the Behemoth of the drama."

The masterpieces "Volpone," "The Silent Woman," "The Alchemist," "Bartholomew Fair," are next elaborately analysed. What is worth doing at all is worth doing well, and Mr. Symonds has certainly done it very well; but the reader cannot help feeling that the necessity of making the volume a certain size has had something to do with these fifty pages of analysis. If he knows the plays themselves, he will scarcely care to read them in prose—even in Mr. Symonds's prose; if he does not, these elaborate transcriptions will rather destroy their interest for him, which in Jonson lies very largely in the intrigue with its development and surprises. But the analysis is remarkably well done. In regard to "Volpone" Mr. Symonds points out with justice that

"the heaviest blot upon Jonson's construction" is that "he has suggested no adequate motive for Mosca's introduction of Bonario into Volpone's palace at the moment when Corbaccio is coming to execute his will, and Celia is being brought by her unworthy husband."

Of the play as a whole Mr. Symonds remarks:

"We rise from the study of 'Volpone' as we do from that of some of Balzac's masterpieces, with the sense that all these human reptiles, true enough in their main points to life, yet over-fattened in the vast slime of the poet's brain, represent actual humanity less than they personate ideals which the potent intellect, brooding upon one vice of man's frail being, has diversified into a score of splendidly imagined specimens."

The final critical chapter touches the masques and lyrics. Of these last Mr. Symonds enumerates five, "in their kind admirable"—"Drink to me only with thine eyes," "Queen and Huntress," "Still to be neat," "Underneath this sable hearse," and "See the chariot at hand"—from the "Celebration of Charis"; and he concludes:

"For Jonson's fame it is quite enough to point out that these, rather than Shakspere's lyrics, struck the keynote of the seventeenth century."

H. C. BEECHING.

Introduction to a History of the Factory System.

By R. Whately Cooke Taylor. (Bentley.)

The materials for constructing a sufficient history of our industrial system, appear to be—so far as they exist at all—in as chaotic a condition as is our industrial system itself; and, since the right ordering of the former is an important preparation to the wise and wholesome organisation of the latter, Mr. Cooke Taylor is to be commended for any step he may have taken in this direction.

The multiplication of modern "wants," and the complexity of the successful and ingenious means resorted to for their supply, render a perfect definition of the words "factory" and "manufacture" impossible. Even a clear understanding of their limits has not been arrived at by legislators. Hence the confusion and inconsistency of the Acts relating to them. Shipbuilding, but not house-building, comes within the regulations of the Factory Acts. They apply to letterpress printing, but not to type-writing. They control the labour of the woman sewing in the back shop, not that of her who sells in the front one. Change and development have gone on so rapidly as to outrun our power of fully estimating their bearings and requirements; and Mr. Cooke Taylor sees no hope of putting our factory system upon a firm and consistent footing until the whole labour question has been comprehensively restudied. This is no doubt true. The subject is enormously studied, and we are deafened by the voices of the throng who conceive that their study has bred solution; but the variety and divergence of the solutions are a proof of the total absence of comprehension. The work before us happily starts upon no such pretentious platform. It merely aims at gathering up from divers sources and authorities what is known of past labour organisations, and tracing their influence upon the present—a very useful endeavour, which only fails, so far as it does fail, from the want of sufficient material to realise it. Only positive information, and that of the details of men's lives, occupations, and relationships, can be of real use to us. Unfortunately, conjectures and surmises on general conditions are frequently all that can be obtained. And thus it happens that the chapters on the trade of the great monarchies of the past are little more than a catalogue of the raw materials and manufactured articles known to the ancients, and of the roads along which they travelled. Did the Egyptians make glass before the Sidonians taught them how; and was cotton indigenous to that country, or imported from India? Was a shuttle used in Idumea in Job's time, or is the word a mistranslation, or did "some other person" write the book? Such are too often the problems raised, discussed, and then laid aside as indeterminate. Mr. Cooke Taylor himself admits how little he is able to fulfil his purpose, when, after occupying fifteen pages with a list of metals known to early times, he adds, "We have next to consider the system and methods of manufacture pursued with respect to these several

metals. Unhappily, we are almost wholly without information on this head." Certainly, all that has been gathered relative to these subjects by the careful research of such students as Rawlinson, Wilkinson, Napier, Duncker, is carefully collected and intelligently related. That manufacture was largely domestic—the great men keeping large bodies of artificers of various crafts at work in their houses; but that—especially where there was a large export trade, as in the case of Egyptian fabrics—there were also great government workshops; that slave labour preponderated, but not generally to the complete exclusion of hired workmen; that every detail of the work and of the lives of the workmen was minutely regulated—to the benefit of the employer rather than to that of the employed: such, we know, were the main characteristics of industry in the great monarchies of antiquity. Perhaps the highest perfection in the organisation of manufacture was reached in Egypt, where Sir G. Wilkinson tells us, "The distribution of labour seems to have been as well understood as in modern times," but was accompanied with contemptuous neglect of the lives and happiness of the workers. The system, still surviving in India, of village communities and hereditary crafts was also widespread. As to commerce, its frequent changes and fluctuations depended partly upon the rise and fall of states, partly upon the development of facilities for locomotion. Babylon was at one time the centre of a great network of ill-made tracks, stretching to Egypt and Ethiopia on the one side, into India and perhaps China on the other, along which the world's traffic slowly and dangerously moved in caravans. The sea-going Phoenicians then revolutionised the system, followed by Carthage, Greece, Rome; the last-named by establishing a universal reign of law and order, and by throwing out to the ends of *terra cognita* a great series of excellent roads, inaugurated the first era of safe and facile transport. The South-western movement of the new races for a time destroyed this in the West, and shook it in the East. Indifference to luxuries, ignorance, anarchy, love of plunder, long tended—except when a Charlemagne reigned—to crush out European manufactures and commerce. Great fairs, escaping plunder from feudal baron or robber chief under the shadow of religious houses, such as St. Bartholomew's by London, and St. Denis by Paris, afforded the chief machinery of exchange; and, backed by the protection of the Church, and the authority of the growing central authority, assumed vast proportions and national importance. New overland routes through France and across Germany were thronged by parties of merchants. The Italian ports, with Venice at their head, in the South, and the Hans towns in the North, commenced an enlarged system of sea commerce, which, as it developed to a world-wide extent, gave pre-eminence in turn to Portugal, Holland, and England. Increased production was ever ready to supply the enlarged market. Textile fabrics sprang out of the narrow sphere of coarse homespuns into a great export trade—in Italy of silks, in Flanders of linen and woollens. "The Flemings," says De Witt, "lying nearest to France, were the first that began to earn their living by weaving, and sold

the produce of their labours in that fruitful land (France), where the inhabitants were not only able to feed themselves, but also, by the superfluous growth of their country, could put themselves into good apparel; which Baldwin the Young, or the third Earl of Flanders, about the year 960, considerably improved by establishing annual fairs or markets in several places without any toll being demanded for goods, either imported or exported."

Cotton, however, so early and so largely used in India and Egypt, found no home in classic or mediaeval Europe. The climate not favouring the growth of the plant, and freightage being extremely high, it would have approached the cost of silk, without rivaling its beauty, or reaching the usefulness of linen.

Far removed from the intellectual centre, which had never left Italy, England was throughout this period behind her continental neighbours; but, as it was on her soil that the modern industrial Leviathan was born and bred, Mr. Cooke Taylor rightly devotes a large share of his space to investigating the growth of her commerce. Of the trade in British, Roman, and even Saxon times we know little, except that it was slight and unimportant, and it ought not to have delayed us through twenty pages. Coming down to the Norman era, I must join issue with Mr. Cooke Taylor on some of his conclusions. He is not very consistent when on one page he declares that "under the Norman rule there were no longer in the state several classes approaching and often touching each other, but only the two elementary ones—the masters and the men"; and, on the next, he quotes Mr. Cunningham's description of the manor, which clearly exhibits the differential status, rights, and obligations of the various classes of feudal tenants. He seems to forget that though the whole organisation may be brought under the two words, *domini et homines*, yet, even in the case of the king, one man's lord was another lord's man; and that town charters, even so early as Henry I., gave distinct organisation and privileges to urban populations. Again, it is an error to take the year 1215 as marking a radical change in our institutions. Magna Carta was an undertaking that the existing laws and customs should be more regularly and justly administered, and only to a very slight extent an enactment of new legislation. To say that English commerce was entirely in foreign hands till Henry III., and that there were no English trading ships till even later, is to exaggerate the facts very considerably. The whole shipping of the already fully regulated Cinque Ports was mercantile; and when requisitioned by government formed the navy, as in the case of Hubert de Burgh's celebrated sea fight. These are matters but indirectly connected with the main question, which is far more correctly and judiciously treated. Due attention is drawn to the domestic character of most industries. The towns, indeed, had their craft-guilds and their fairs, for production and exchange; but mediaeval England was an essentially agricultural community, and the agriculturists were almost entirely self-supporting, salt being about the only important commodity for which they depended on extraneous sources. Not till the Tudor age do we find any very marked development of our commerce, and then it was accompanied

by a change of system; indeed, the new commercial spirit was so potent a factor in revolutionising not only our industries, but also our social structure, that it is universally held up by the Tudor moralists of every shade of religious and political opinion as the origin of the evils of the time. It is the merchants who acquire land, and, by farming it on new principles, diminish employment and lower wages; who "buy up whole alleys, streets, and rents," and thus oppress the urban artizans; who shake all faith in England's mercantile morality by their shameful counterfeits and adulterations. This spirit so permeates every class that Garrison has to tell the degrading story of an earl who actually "felt his oxen and sheep to see how fat they be," and of a "great lady" who did not scruple to ride to market with her butter. The mediaeval guilds had been the legitimate successors of the earlier hereditary crafts, the legal bond of master and apprentice succeeding the blood relationship of father and son, and, by retaining the same network of minute regulations, had set strict limits to the amount and character of production. This the enterprise and selfishness which mark every phase of life in the Age of Humanism could not brook, and an easy means of escape was offered.

"The passing away of feudalism, and the better organisation of government, had removed the need for seeking the protection of the walls of large towns, while the industrial disabilities imposed upon their inhabitants were now far in excess of any advantages conferred by residence there. The consequence was that manufacturers were leaving them, and seeking open villages instead, where they should have space to develop their full capabilities in independence of the cramping and vexatious rules of old-fashioned corporations. Laws were vainly passed to check this tendency. . . . It was all to no purpose. The corporate privileges had become as oppressive as the old feudal services, and could no longer either profitably or patiently be borne. . . . A sort of incipient modern factory system was being established in several industries. . . . The selling of goods was conducted on a larger scale, and ever more on the competitive plan. Production was for profit, not use. It was, in fact, not a domestic industry at all, but one of congregated labour, organised on a capitalistic basis, just as ours is, only that the masters then were not quite so far off from their workmen as they afterwards became. . . . Something of the spirit of feudal times, the spirit of personal sympathy and obligation, still characterised and permeated it."

Instance the case of John Winchcombe, "the first great English clothier on record."

"A hundred looms, it is said, always worked in his house; and he was rich enough to put a hundred of his journeymen in armour, and send them to Flodden Field. His kerseys were famous all over Europe."

This is the bright side of which the reverse may be found in Elizabeth's Statute of Apprentices, with its work-day of twelve full hours; "a monstrous law," says Mr. Jevons. "It aimed at industrial slavery." Fortune's wheel—if we may thus term economic law—which, throughout the Lancastrian dynasty, had depressed the employer, now lowered the employed into the gulph of low wage; and from this time forth we get an uninterrupted literature of complaint—a *Piers Plowman redivivus* and *sempervivens*, deplored the condition to

which labour had fallen, and sighing for that very intangible age, the "good old time."

The early years of the eighteenth century saw the beginning of legislation for the protection of the producer, in the Acts of Anne and George I. against the Truck system, and the erection of the first building that deserves, from its size and character, the name of factory. It was built at Derby to contain the "amazingly grand machine" for silk spinning, the model for which had been surreptitiously obtained from Italy, where the process had long been in operation. Native inventiveness, however, was already at work, a variety of mechanical processes were introduced—such as John Kay's fly-shuttle in 1733—and with them necessarily grew up something of the congregated labour of the factory—a system painted by the poet of that age in by no means the dark colours in which we are now accustomed to view it—

"Upraised from room to room we slowly walk,
And view with wonder and with silent joy
The sprightly scene; where many of busy hand,
Where spoles, cards, wheels, and looms, with
motion quick,
And ever murmur ring sound, th' unwonted sense
Wrap in surprise. To see them all employ'd,
All blithe, it gives the spreading heart delight
As neither meat nor drink, nor aught of joy
Corporeal can bestow."
(Dyer's "Fleece," 1757.)

Our factory hands do not generally appear so blithe but that many of us would, I fear, prefer a good dinner to a sight of them at work.

Although farm and cottage still had their spinning-wheel and loom, and the hind still employed his winter evenings in the making of next season's tools, an industrial development and an increase of production, very great when compared with the past, had taken place in all branches of English trade before the great mechanical inventions, set in motion by the power of steam, enabled man to multiply the production of commodities to an immeasurable extent, but drove him to herd together in his millions amid the darkened atmosphere and sordid sights of our great manufacturing centres. How, by better organisation, his lot may be there improved is what competent persons should seek with caution and judgment to discover; and now that Mr. Cooke Taylor has completed the preliminaries, he will not, I trust, shirk the main task, but will use his knowledge and opportunities in setting clearly before us the full tendencies of our factory system for good and evil, and in giving us some sort of sound and reasonable plan for enhancing the former and repressing the latter.

H. AVEY TIPPING.

AMERICA FROM TWO SIDES.

Tom Tiddler's Ground. By Florence Marryat.
(Sonnenschein.)

The Truth about America. By Edward Money.
(Sampson Low.)

THE two books which we have bracketed under the same head are in many respects very different in character. Both are written by authors of some experience, and in one case of some celebrity; and, though neither is of any great value as a picture of American manners, it is impossible not to read them with interest as the individual impressions

of two people who, whatever may be their judgment, cannot be denied a certain originality of opinion and forcibility in expressing it. But, while the novelist who writes under the name of "Florence Marryat" visited the United States and Canada with "a musical and dramatic monologue," and returned well pleased with her patrons and herself, Mr. Money, as one of the victims of what is known as the "Antelope Valley Swindle," is extremely out of temper with the great Republic. It might, perhaps, be unfair to accept either picture as a correct view of the country, though, as a contribution to the materials for such a transcript, both volumes are not without their worth. Miss Marryat—she always speaks of herself under this name—did not go further West than Chicago, though it seems from her account that she received "quite an ovation" in the different towns she visited. Indeed, the book is little more than a record of her "musical, dramatic, and monologic" triumphs, expressed in the expressive, but rather slangy, diction which she seems to have adopted from her profession. Some of her phrases are, indeed, rather stronger than conventionality admits, especially in a lady who is never weary of insisting that hers is a "moral show." She is not less reticent in relating what people said about her—how "magnificent" were her "arms and bust"; how struck were all manner of men with the "youth, beauty, and innocence" of the author of *Love's Conflict*, &c., &c.; and generally how well she was received as a novelist with the greatest circulation in "the States." Like most people in her position, she was better pleased with the United States than with Canada. In truth, were not Miss Marryat so very frank a person, she might now and then be suspected of "playing to the gallery" in her laudation of things American. Toronto she patronises in a manner which is not likely to flatter the rather touchy citizens of that town; and, when she declares that the Canadian hotels are bad, and that she could get nothing to eat in the Dominion, she cannot expect to be taken as a "reliable" historian. Moreover, when she calmly declares that while in the United States she was never offended with an improper expression—a statement which must remind many people of the well-worn tale of the correct lady who congratulated Dr. Johnson on the absence of naughty words from his dictionary—she had no sooner crossed the Canadian line than her ears were assailed with the foulest language, the suggestion which presents itself is, either that Miss Marryat was exceedingly fortunate in her company in the Republic or extremely unlucky in that which she met with in the Dominion. Her geography, we may add, is often vague to the last degree. However, the book is not a topographical treatise; and, if accepted simply as the record of a lady's impression of the towns she visited with a special purpose in view, its gossip, and more or less professional anecdotes, will be found readable enough. As a responsible account of America, it is absolutely without value.

Mr. Money is a man of experience. He has served in India and the Crimea, has been a tea-planter and a writer on tea-planting, and has figured as a novelist also. Hence, when he so calmly fell into the trap laid for

simple folks in the shape of the Californian Antelope Valley Land scheme, one cannot help thinking that he was old enough to have known better. The valley was a desert, unfitted for cultivation. He afterwards acquired a better ranch in Colorado; but, finding that he was too sturdy a tree to bear transplantation, returned to England after having established his sons in their new home. Like Miss Marryat, Mr. Money is apt to say what he thinks without any regard to the susceptibilities of his readers. When he affirms the fitness of Martin Chuzzlewit's adventures to form a fair portraiture of what the Western settler may expect, it is perhaps unnecessary to say that Mr. Money does not "crack up" the country. He is never weary of inveighing against the "Yankee character" and the incivility of the people, and is absolutely livid (in a literary way) when he ventures to relate the familiar manner in which the American newspapers speak of "Eugenie," "Wales" "Beatrice," and "Battenberg." The laxity of the law, the dishonesty of officials, and so forth, are also constant themes for invective.

"He was of the true Yankee type," Mr. Money tells us, when describing a Denver landlord, "the worst type on earth. So I cared to say no more, but paid the bill and went elsewhere, finding cleanliness, comfort, and as much courtesy as you look for in America in the next hotel."

This quotation gives a fair idea of the book. It is not without useful information, and as a corrective to some of the effusive volumes which occasionally appear is well worth reading. But Mr. Money is far too peppery, far too crusty, too much of a disappointed man, to be taken as a fair guide. His biliousness is that of Mrs. Trollope, or Miss Marryat's father, who wrote a book on America which America was a long time in forgiving. His volume is, however, entertaining, and ought to be read by anyone who finds Miss Marryat's two sweet to be wholesome.

ROBERT BROWN.

Choice and Chance: an Elementary Treatise on Permutations, Combinations, and Probability. With 640 Exercises. By William Allen Whitworth. Fourth Edition, enlarged. (Bell.)

A NEW edition of Mr. Whitworth's standard treatise will be welcomed not only by the mathematical, but even the general, reader. Mr. Whitworth possesses in an eminent degree the happy art of simplification. What is, perhaps, the most arduous of the sciences, owing to the concurrence of mathematical and philosophical difficulties—the calculus of probabilities—becomes smooth and easy as we follow this skilful guide. He exacts no knowledge of the differential calculus, very little of algebra. Without previous or present effort, the beginner is conducted by gentle steps to a considerable height, obtaining an extensive view of the subjects which are dominated by the theory of probabilities. Population and expectation of life, the credibility of testimony, the contrasted principles of insurance and gambling, "hedging" at races, and the game of whist—these and other important or curious topics are presented with singular clearness. And, even where the only purpose is mental gymnastics,

the author contrives to beguile the austerity of work by imparting a certain zest to his questions—e.g., "There are twelve ladies and twelve gentlemen in a ball-room; in how many ways can they take their places for a *contre-danse*?"

The advantages of simplicity and ease are not unmixed when the nature of things is very difficult and complicated. Our author's method is admirable so long as he confines himself to bags, and balls, and parcels. When he transfers the analogy of games of chance to things in general, when leaving the drill-room and parade-ground he enters upon real service, he seems to be much less successful. For example, we are disposed to question the value of certain propositions about "average" which have been added in this edition. "If an earthquake happens on an average once a year, the chance that in a given year there should not be an earthquake is" about 4 to 11. A little attention will show, we think, that the conclusion requires a premiss which is not given. Let us represent the succession of time by a right line; let the period of a year correspond to the length of an inch; and let us take at intervals of an inch along the line a series of points $a, b, c \dots z$; and let another set of points $a, \beta, \gamma \dots \omega$ correspond to the instants at which earthquakes occur. What we are given is that the line az is about equal to the line $a\omega$; that is, that in a score, or rather in some large number, of years there occurs about the same number of earthquakes. But, in order to pronounce upon the probability of there being a year without an earthquake, we ought to know something about the distribution of $a, \beta, \gamma, \dots, \omega$. It might be that a is at very much the same distance from α as β from b , γ from c , and so on. Or it might be that a, β, γ are huddled together, and then after a long blank interval occur δ, ϵ . In the first case, the probability of our travelling an inch along the line without meeting a Greek letter is much less than in the second case. In fact, the solution of the problem takes for granted the knowledge of a physical constant, a co-efficient of dispersion, which differs for different phenomena. It is not the same for earthquakes and for showers. It is greater for deaths than marriages. A single key for locks so different is not to be expected. Or if a universal sort of pick-lock could be framed it would be only by in some way taking the mean of all possible suppositions with respect to the degree of dispersion. But Mr. Whitworth's summary solution is not of this sort. Similarly, in the discussion of gambling, concinnity of calculation appears to be preferred before philosophic breadth. The evil of gambling is ascribed by the writer almost exclusively to the fact that the gambler must, upon certain suppositions, be, in the long run, "cleaned out." No doubt, it is an interesting theorem that if any one, like Ormond in Miss Edgeworth's tale, determines to stop playing when he has lost a certain sum, sooner or later he will come to a stop. But surely the essential evil of gambling lies rather where Laplace has placed it—in the principle of "Moral Arithmetick": that "fortune morale" does not increase proportionately with "fortune physique": what Jevons called the law of diminishing utility. The rough estimates of utility are, doubtless, less adapted to aca-

demic exercises than the elegant theorem to which our author gives pre-eminence. But surely probability should be not only a subject for examination, but also what Bishop Butler calls it—the "guide of life."

F. Y. EDGEWORTH.

COMMON OWNERSHIP IN NORTHERN SPAIN.

Materiales para el Estudio del Derecho Municipal Consuetudinario de España. Por Joaquín Costa, M. Pedregal, J. Serrano, and G. de Linares. (Madrid.)

THIS pamphlet of 128 pages is a collection of essays which may be considered as a continuation of that in which Don J. Costa first showed that the Derecho Consuetudinario del Alto Aragón is identical with the House Community of the Southern Slavs. It describes various forms of common ownership either still, or quite recently, to be found in the mountains of the Asturias, Leon, and Burgos. It is introduced by some valuable remarks on what is one of the wounds of Spain—that her legislative reformers most unhappily have built, not on the traditional customs and local administration often admirably adapted to the real needs of the country, but on doctrines and theories drawn from the law and practice of other countries, and wholly inapplicable to the conditions to which they would apply them. Hence in great part arises the sterility of so much recent Spanish legislation. The writers of the present work seek to collect materials on which to build a sounder structure, and one homogeneous with the old foundations; and they expose freely the mischiefs and corruption which have arisen from the opposite system.

The first tenure described is that of common ownership in cattle which still lingers in some of the Sierras of the Asturias, where not only the right of pasture, but the herds themselves are the collective property of the inhabitants. In these districts agriculture proper is quite secondary to pastoral occupation. A small portion of land is taken into cultivation for three or four years only, and then again abandoned to pasture; in fact, one purpose of this temporary cultivation is the amelioration of the subsequent pasture. In other districts a given tract of arable land is distributed and redistributed among the inhabitants at certain periods. In some cases the portions thus distributed have gradually become the individual property of the families to which they were at first temporarily assigned. The details of working both the pastoral and agricultural property are not left wholly to the individual, but are more or less under the direction of the municipal or parish councils. In the village of Cué even the price of labour was thus settled, and no one was allowed to work for less. It was also ordered that no parishioner should take lands in rent. In all these cases the customs are not arbitrary, but are fixed by tradition and sanctioned by the people themselves; and, strange as they may appear, are not out of harmony with the physical necessities of the country. In most cases they have worked well; and although improved communications and different conditions of labour may render it necessary to modify them, the central administration has

hitherto either failed to destroy them, or, where it has done so, has put nothing better in their place. Even in the case of compulsory education, we are assured that many evade the law now, even in districts "where there was no shepherd who did not know how to read and write" (p. 46), and in another where "I remember perfectly that from 1844-50 there was not a single boy or lad in my village who did not know how to read or write" (p. 57). It is perhaps worth noting how far asunder the date of origin and of first committing to writing such customs may be. Those of Pino de Aller are dated May 13, 1653; those of the neighbouring Bello February and March 1846. The practice of them is long anterior to either date. The "Facerias" are mentioned in the "Partidas" (1256).

We cannot avoid a suspicion that some of these writers may be too much "laudatores temporis acti"; but the facts here brought forward certainly suggest a doubt whether, under certain conditions of poor, or mountainous, or forest lands, some species of common ownership and administration may not be preferable to a purely individual tenure. The social result of the systems of common ownership here described is the antithesis of that which obtains in countries where only individual property prevails. In the one case, we have a far greater total of wealth, and of the amount possessed by some individuals, but with this there are extremes of poverty, and the plague-spot of pauperism; in the other, no one has great wealth, but there is no pauperism, scarcely any beggars, and all have some stake in the collective property. Certainly the substitution of a central administration of forests and of forest lands has not been successful in either France or Spain.

WENTWORTH WEBSTER.

NEW NOVELS.

Waiting for the Prince; or, a Nineteenth-Century Cinderella. By Lady Constance Howard. In 3 vols. (White.)

Neaera: a Tale of Ancient Rome. By John W. Graham. In 2 vols. (Macmillan.)

That other Person. By Mrs. Alfred Hunt. In 3 vols. (Chatto & Windus.)

A Shadowed Life. By Richard Ashe King (Basil). In 3 vols. (Ward & Downey.)

A Step Aside. By Charlotte Dunning. (Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

The Harvest of the Wind, and other Stories. By Amelia E. Barr. (James Clarke.)

Thirteen all Told. By M. Moorson. (Sonnenchein.)

LADY CONSTANCE HOWARD'S *Waiting for the Prince* is a puzzling story. The style, as novels go, need not be complained of; and one of the characters—the trustful and patient Loveday—wins upon us as we read of her wholly unmerited sufferings. The hero is, we suppose, meant to represent something that is on the whole noble and good. To us he embodies nothing of the kind; but is, on the contrary, a weak young man, who marries a woman who is, if not mad, about as vile a creature as is to be found in fable land. No man that had one-half the knowledge of the world that he possessed

could have tied himself to this detestable harridan, as he was in no way ensnared by the beauty with which she is credited. Sometime after being guilty of this very foolish action he becomes acquainted with Loveday, and forms a romantic attachment to her, which her simple, loving heart returns. They become engaged, the cur of a lover inducing the poor girl to keep the matter secret. At length circumstances compel him to tell her that he has already a wife, and poor Loveday's parents are informed also. To the ordinary mind it would have occurred that the father, Sir Stephen, would have laid hold of the heaviest thonged whip that came handy, and used it with effect on Guy Segrave. The ordinary mind, however, is incapable of appreciating things of this nature as they present themselves to the imagination of Lady Constance Howard. Sir Stephen writes to the married scoundrel who had won his daughter's heart, telling him that

"Should you and Loveday meet again, I shall have no objection, nor will Lady Lyla. You may see each other from time to time; for we know that we can trust both you and Loveday to remember the barrier which at present exists between you."

Of course the bad wife dies in the end, and Guy and Loveday marry. A book like this may well be explained on the theory that it is meant as an attack on the marriage contract as it is ordinarily accepted in Europe. If so, the stroke is not rightly delivered; but we see not the least ground for supposing that such an idea ever entered the author's head. From many passages in her book we assume that she accepts without hesitation the opinions on these questions which have been received by the general public from the time when Christianity was first planted.

Neaera: a Tale of Ancient Rome, differs widely from most of the romances which are laid in remote times. Almost all of them are dull reading, and many have been produced, not as works of imagination, but for the purpose of instructing their readers as to the modes of life in days gone by; not a few—Cardinal Wiseman's *Fabiola* is an example—are theological tracts in the form of a novel. Mr. Graham's book is none of these things. It is a straightforward tale, where the desire to instruct is at least not prominent. One of the chief points of interest in the tale is to be found in the Greek romances, and a countless number of plays, poems, and tales of recent date, but we should be unfair if we considered this a blemish. The number of plots that are possible is very limited. No writer of romance is called upon to reject every situation which has appeared before. The story is well told, and in good, though not very picturesque, English. This is perhaps not high praise; but it is no small pleasure in these days to come in contact with a novel all the sentences of which will construe. The Emperor Tiberius is one of the prominent characters in *Neaera*. The battle has long raged hotly as to what was the real character of the man of whom so terrible a picture is drawn for us in ordinary school-books. This is not the place for us to give our own opinion, but we may safely say that in Mr. Graham's book he comes before us as a human being, not as an impossible monster,

Mrs. Alfred Hunt has produced in *That other Person* a novel which will add to her reputation. The story is a melancholy one throughout, though we are meant to conclude that it ends happily. On this point, however, there is room for differences of opinion. None of the prominent characters are intended to be faultless. Mr. Daylesford, the hero, certainly is not so. Notwithstanding his chivalrous fidelity to his elder brother and to his mother's memory, he seems to us a most objectionable person, who allows his desires to overmaster any sense of justice that he possessed. We are glad the picture has been painted, for he is a true type of many selfish men who are thought none the worse of in the world for their perfidy. We wish, however, that Mrs. Hunt had dealt with him more severely. He suffers pitifully but we feel not sufficiently. This is surely a case wherein, if the author's imagination would have permitted, we should have been well satisfied with an unhappy ending; for the heroine is both heartless and vulgar, with no taste for anything except fashionable life, luxurious living, and fine clothes. She is clever in a certain way, but more uneducated than we should have thought possible. We are told that she was happy at the last. We cannot, however, trick ourselves into even a momentary belief that her husband would not find this foolish creature a great drag upon him. Hester Langdale, who, we suppose, we are required to call an improper character, is sketched with great delicacy and truth to nature. A more lovely soul has seldom greeted us in the pages of modern romance. How any man with a spark of common-sense, to leave honour out of the question, could desert her for such a creature as Zeph is beyond the reach of our faculties. That certain social inconveniences, of a kind which are said to be very irritating, would have arisen had Daylesford made Hester legally his wife we readily admit, but in such a case a man must have been an ingrained coward to have hesitated. The story is so well told that we have to examine it narrowly before we can find the blemishes which every reviewer is expected to point out. We must say that we think the recovery of the lost documents might have been more skillfully arranged, and that Hester Langdale's part in the good work should have been made more prominent. We have had the pleasure of knowing more than one antiquary the chief delight of whose life consisted in the study of mediaeval records, but we have never had the ill-fortune to meet with one who was so selfishly absorbed in his favourite pursuit as Zeph's father was. He ought to have been condemned to calendar the "feet of fines" of the eighteenth century for the term of his natural life.

A Shadowed Life is a novel with plenty of incident in it, and, perhaps, rather too much dialogue. In real life people do not speak so tersely and exactly to the point as they have to do in novels. A historian might as well think of incorporating in his work an endless series of questions and answers from the state trials as a novelist insert in his volumes all the sentences which he knows his heroes and heroines to have uttered. Condensation is useful in both cases. We feel that it has not gone far

enough here. Nevertheless *A Shadowed Life* is a good and interesting book, with no straining after effects which were not within the writer's power. The scene is laid in Yorkshire, near Leeds, and some of the characters speak the racy West Riding dialect to perfection. We cannot have too much of their talk. We fear that there is not sufficient incident in the tale to make it popular with the class of readers who delight in horrible crimes. There is, however, a shocking homicide near the beginning. The characters of the rich mill owner and his son are excellently conceived, though we can hardly believe that Mr. King has ever come across a Yorkshirer so revolting as the father. The rough manners, which people from southern parts think so surly, but which hide such warm and kind hearts, are given in a manner that indicates long study; but the writer succeeds best with his women. Daisy is a lovely and original conception. The American heiress, who marries an Englishman and is much vexed by a mother-in-law, is charming. Her property was settled on herself, so in the mildest manner she says to her husband one day, "Look here! I'm off to the States till your mother clears out." Away she went, but returned when she received a telegram from her husband telling her that the mother-in-law was gone "for good."

American novelists of the better class seem to take more pains with the construction of the plots of their works than English folks do. We have, it need hardly be said, some few writers on this side the Atlantic who understand that tale-writing is an art; and that the imagination cannot with impunity be allowed to get the bridle between its teeth when a novel is being constructed any more than it can when a bridge is being built, or a plum pudding is being mixed.

"Give me romance, and I'll dispense with the rodomontade of common-sense," would form an excellent motto for half the volumes which our circulating libraries send forth; but it would be entirely out of place on the title-page of Mrs. Dunning's *A Step Aside*. The book is written with far more care than some people think it needful to bestow upon a scientific treatise. And on this account a very simple tale of the loves of persons by no means faultless is made interesting. The author does not seem to have the faculty of idealisation highly developed. If she has, it is carefully hidden in the background. We are inclined to imagine that *A Step Aside* is a mild protest against the exceeding haste that some of us are in to be rich. In times such as ours it seems doubtful whether money cares and poverty should occupy much space in a novel. Most of us suffer inward anguish of a kind that cannot well be exaggerated caused by the present unsatisfactory relations between our legitimate desires and our means of fulfilling them. If these grim cares do not press upon ourselves, we are in company almost daily with those whose brains reel under the long-continued strain. Novels are not written to amuse only. This, every sensible person will admit, but they are read mainly by those who wish to drive away care. It is a questionable blessing to the jaded man or woman, who is trying day after day to make all ends

meet, with an increasing family and a diminishing income, to put into their hands books where the same grinding processes are gone over again. We heartily welcome Mrs. Dunning's book, but we wish there was in it less about dollars, and that its grey tones had been relieved by some bright patches of colour.

The Harvest of the Wind, and other Stories is a book written with an object, not simply because Miss Barr had tales to tell. That they have not "come so," but have been manufactured for a purpose is evident, and consequently they are dull reading. "*The Preacher's Daughter*" is by far the best of these stories. Some of the dialogue in it is really well conceived. We could almost imagine that here and there a sentence such as, "Thou must be very bad in love, John, when thou says 'No' to a bit of good eating," had been really heard, and noted down for future use.

Mr. Moorsom has produced a little book of innocent and harmless stories which he thinks may amuse railway travellers, of whom he must have a low opinion. It appears that he has been induced to publish *Thirteen all Told* by "friendly critics." This is about the worst reason any one can find for publishing anything. If the "friendly critics" tell a man that he must not publish his book, or urge him to give to Pelagia the attributes which he has assigned to Martha, he may not unreasonably conclude that he has written well if not wisely. Mr. Moorsom has done neither the one nor the other, but he has avoided anything that could shock the most sensitive.

EDWARD PEACOCK.

HISTORICAL BOOKS.

History of the Scottish Expedition to Norway in 1612. By T. Michell, C.B. (Edinburgh: Nelson.) Mr. Michell has taken up the tale of the unfortunate Scots who perished in attempting to make their way through Norway to the service of Gustavus Adolphus in 1612, and has reduced it from the exuberant dimensions of tradition to the narrow limits of historical accuracy. All that can be done by investigations carried on on the spot, as well as by the use of documents, has been satisfactorily accomplished by him; and, where knowledge fails, he is ready with plausible conjecture. According to the legend, the Scots were, as might be expected, the worst and wickedest of men, whose track was marked by plunder and outrage till the peasants, whose wives and daughters had fallen victims to the intruders, lay in wait for them, slaying some in the fight and butchering the greater part of their captives on the following day. Mr. Michell has discovered that the Scots neither plundered nor committed outrages. Instead of singing their praises as the most virtuous of mankind, he suggests that they hurt nobody, because they had very few arms among them—a suggestion which is borne out, not only by the paucity of weapons which appear to have been captured, but by the otherwise inexplicable fact of 300 soldiers allowing themselves to be defeated by 400 undisciplined peasants. The affair illustrated by Mr. Michell is not indeed one of great historical importance, but he has done his work so well that his readers will hope some day to meet him on a wider field.

THE only objection which can be brought against Mr. Worth's *History of Devonshire*

(Elliot Stock) relates to its plan. He has described the county topographically, beginning with the faithful city of Exeter, making a circuit through the four quarters of the county, and concluding with a description of the central part, the forest of Dartmoor. The result is that the salient points of the shire's history must be sought for throughout the book, and to make a complete picture of the past, they must be pieced together by the reader himself. The particulars of the contests waged in Devonshire during the Civil War are scattered under this or that town, under Exeter or under Torrington, and under the history of such families as Grenville and Chudleigh. With this preliminary grumble, which Mr. Worth will say is after all only a difference of opinion, we have nothing but words of praise for the manner in which he has discharged his task. No antiquary within or without the border of Devon is more competent than Mr. Worth to describe its history. Though he is more intimately connected with the "Three Towns" than with any other section of the county he has not confined his historical investigations to that section alone. The records of the West of England and of its natives have been his study for many years. The main business of his life, moreover, led him into every nook and corner of his native county; and the characteristics of its scenery, be it amid the sunny combes of the South Hams or the wilds of Dartmoor, have long been familiar to his eye. Add to these requisites for his book that Mr. Worth is a practised *littérateur*, skilled in the art of telling an interesting tale, and there will be no division of sentiment as to the reception which will be accorded to Mr. Worth's contribution to the series of "Popular County Histories." There is much within the volume to gratify the student of folk-lore and ancient custom.

History of Scotland, Civil and Ecclesiastical: from the Earliest Times to the Death of David I. 1153. By Duncan Keith. In 2 vols. (Edinburgh: Paterson.) Mr. Keith has attempted a task which it would require profound historical scholarship to accomplish satisfactorily. Unfortunately, while his book gives evidence of great industry and some talent, the signs of scholarship, and even of general literary culture, are conspicuously absent from it. The author claims in his preface that "while making free use of modern works, he has taken his facts entirely from the earliest authorities"; but it is evident that his knowledge of these "earliest authorities" is, to a great extent, derived from translations. His notions respecting British ethnology are a curious mixture of new-fangled crotchets and antiquated fallacies: among the latter being the hypothesis, which he adopts from Pinkerton and Jamieson, that the Picts and Brigantes were of Teutonic race. We had hoped that the fancy of Lowland Scotch being a separate language from English was dead beyond possibility of resurrection; but Mr. Keith brings forward the old arguments without the least suspicion that they have been absolutely demolished. One of the main objects for which the book is written appears to be to prove that everything Celtic is bad, and that all the worthier elements in the Scottish character come from the Teutonic side. The thesis is an odd one to be propounded by a writer who bears a Gaelic praenomen and a Gaelic surname; but evidently Mr. Duncan Keith firmly believes it, and he maintains it with a vigour which is decidedly amusing. He asserts that "Gaelic literature is absolutely destitute of myth"! and on this alleged fact he grounds the inference that "the Irish, before the introduction of Christianity, were in the lowest stage of religious culture." The author's English is frightfully ungrammatical, and he has a curious propensity for multiplying oppor-

tunities of blundering by allusions to matters irrelevant to his special subject. He talks, for instance, of "the *Romae* language, which afterwards became French," and of "Ulphilas, the apostle of the *Huns*." After all this, it will seem a paradox to say that the book is not entirely worthless. But Mr. Keith's diligence has really brought together a large mass of interesting material; and, where he has not misapprehended his facts, he usually reasons from them with acuteness and good sense. Altogether the work impresses us as being the production of a man of vigorous mind, but of imperfect education and violent prejudices. Mr. Keith cannot be recommended as a guide, but students who are able to check his statements will find a good many happy suggestions scattered through his whimsical pages.

THE task of writing a memoir of *Susanna Wesley*, for the "Eminent Women Series" (W. H. Allen), has fallen into competent hands. Its author, Mrs. Eliza Clarke, is a descendant of the Wesleys, and she has written her notice of the mother of John and Charles Wesley with sympathetic admiration. The work is brimful of information about Susanna Wesley and the nineteen children whom she bore. Large as was the number of her issue, and little as was the help, pecuniary or domestic which she got from her husband, one of the "high-fliers" in politics and one of the literary hacks of the booksellers, neither sons nor daughters were neglected at her hands. All the girls were brought up by her under a system of careful instruction set out in a letter written, in after life, to her beloved son, John (pp. 30-36); and even he himself, the founder of Methodism, was prepared by her and qualified for public school life at the Charterhouse. She was able to adapt herself to the religious views of her sons, and even to lead her children at times into what she deemed to be the right path. Without a study of the character of this energetic woman, it is impossible rightly to understand the dispositions of her sons. The pages of the early volumes of the *American Magazine* are full of stories and anecdotes on ghosts and supernatural noises; and John Wesley's belief in the authenticity of these narratives and in their inherent probability was, it now appears, inherited from his mother. There are a few slight blemishes—such as "Harold" for "Thorold" (p. 51); and a mention on p. 87 of the Ecclesiastical Commissioners as existing in 1709, when that body was not founded until 1836, and had not then the powers credited to it by the author—in Mrs. Clarke's memoir of this admirable woman, but these detract but little from its value.

A VERY pleasing guide is *The Town of Cowper*, by Thomas Wright. (Sampson Low.) The district of Bedfordshire in which that shy poet dwelt does not take the first place in English scenery; but it possesses many distinctive beauties which are described with accurate appreciation by a devoted student of local topography. Although Cowper gives his name to the compilation, many other worthies connected with Olney and neighbourhood find fitting mention within its pages. John Newton, the slave-purchaser, who became one of the most earnest ministers of the last century, and Scott, the commentator, were among them. Lord Dartmouth, the Evangelical peer, who belonged to more than one of the ministries of George III., was connected with Bedfordshire, and became the patron of the earnest clergymen who ministered in this corner of England. These are not the only religious associations identified with Olney. Sutcliffe, who was instrumental in founding the first of English Protestant missions, was long stationed as the Baptist minister of this little town; and

William Carey, one of its first missionaries, studied there. A list of the thirty-seven missionaries educated at Olney is printed by Mr. Wright, and the first in the catalogue is that of Anderson, the learned author of *The Annals of the English Bible*. Gayhurst, a few miles removed from Olney, was the home of the Dibbles, and in that mansion the conspirators of the Gunpowder Plot often assembled in council. There is not a parish in the district without the memory of some prominent personage in Church or State, and all alike have found an unprejudiced chronicler in Mr. Wright. His labours have been accomplished in an admirable spirit, and the recollection of his book will long abide in the memory.

WITH the last volume of the "Gentleman's Magazine Library," entitled *Archaeology*, part II., there comes to an end Mr. Gomme's reprint of all the archaeological papers on British and Anglo-Saxon subjects which have appeared in the columns of *Sylvanus Urban*. These articles contain accurate descriptions of the condition many years ago of monuments of antiquity in the United Kingdom, and they show in some instances that the position of these stones has been changed by thoughtless farmers or otherwise local antiquaries. The section of Mr. Gomme's work on "Stones and Stone Circles" contains many interesting papers from experts of established reputation, and their inclusion in one connected series endues them with fresh life. Neither in this group of papers, nor in that relating to Anglo-Saxon antiquities, can it be said that all the contributions are of equal or permanent value, but the mistakes of one enthusiastic explorer into antiquity often produced an article of greater merit from another. The list of contributors to this volume of selections includes a considerable number of new writers, known and unknown, and many old friends. The success of the sections already published will encourage Mr. Gomme to enter upon the task—a task of great difficulty—of extracting and arranging the letters and articles on subjects of a more literary character which adorned the pages of the world-famed magazine of our great-grandfathers.

The Church Bells of Hertfordshire. By the late Thomas North. Edited by J. C. L. Stahlschmidt. (Elliot Stock.) The author of *Surrey Bells and London Bell Founders*—a book which we had occasion to praise two years ago—has added to the debt campanologists owe him by completing and giving the world the unfinished labours of his master, the late Mr. North. The present volume is not so richly illustrated as its predecessor, but is distinguished by no less accuracy and completeness in its restricted field. It commences with a chronological account of the bells in Hertfordshire, recording whatever survivals of ancient usage remain, and whatever history there is to tell of the ringing societies that have flourished in the county. A separate and really interesting chapter is devoted to the bells of St. Albans's Cathedral, the history of which is exceptionally complete. The largest part of the book is the detailed account of all the bell inscriptions in the parish churches in alphabetical order. The cataloguing of English bells is now proceeding apace, to the no small delight of local antiquaries. It will soon be time for someone to arise who shall make it his business to digest the materials thus prepared for him, concentrating into one small volume those facts and results which are of general and enduring interest to students of past times.

An Irish Sept: being a History of the McGovern or MacGauran Clan. By Two of its Scions. Printed for Private Circulation. (Manchester: Heywood.) This is a small brochure, of some twenty pages, appropriately

bound in green, written by the Rev. J. B. McGovern and Mr. J. H. McGovern, which gives the history of a clan of some importance in the early annals of Ireland. It is a matter of regret that the circulation is limited, for there is much of interest in it, not only to the descendants of the MacGaurans, but to every student of Irish history. As a rule family histories are uninteresting to the majority of readers, but an exception must be made in this case. Only one fault is noticeable, and that is a small one. It is too short. The origin of the clan dates from the earliest times, but the materials are scanty. The compilation of this little work has been, therefore, one of unusual difficulty, calling for much time and labour. The MacGaurans, like the O'Connors and MacDermots, claim to be descended from Bryan, King of Connaught. The compilers give a chronological history of the various descendants, commencing with Fergal MacSamhradhain (i.e., MacGauran), who in 1220 was slain by Hugh O'Rourke, and ending with the death of Edmond MacGauran, Primate of Armagh, who was slain on July 3, 1593. This Edmond MacGauran seems to have been the most celebrated of the clan, and a short but interesting account is given of him by the compilers. After his death the MacGaurans allied themselves with the famous Owen Roe O'Neill, and under him they served at the battle of Benburb. A blank is noticeable after this in the history of the clan, until we come to 1798, when Bernard McGovern attracted notice in the insurrections of that year by his valour and patriotism. In 1815 a MacGauran, James by name, was Bishop of Armagh. In the paths of literature they number Hugh MacGauran, one of the earliest of the friends of Carolan, and the author of *Plerua na Ruarcach*. There is much important matter in the work besides the history of the clan, and the compilers give a long list of the various forms in which the name MacGauran or McGovern occur in early Irish histories. A plan accompanies the work, showing the possessions held in Ireland by the clan, for which Mr. J. H. McGovern is answerable. The Rev. John B. McGovern, who has already received favourable notice for former publications, undertook the historical portion, and he has done his work in a highly creditable manner.

NOTES AND NEWS.

WE hear that Prof. Mandell Creighton will start immediately on a visit to the United States. He will therefore not lecture at Cambridge during the present term.

THE commemoration of Domesday Book, organised by the Royal Historical Society, is fixed to take place from October 26 to 30 in the hall of Lincoln's Inn. Papers will be read on each of these days on subjects illustrative of Domesday by Mr. Hubert Hall, Canon Isaac Taylor, Mr. J. H. Round, &c.; and special exhibitions of documents, &c., will be on view at the Public Record Office and in the British Museum. Among the MSS. in private hands which have been lent for exhibition at the British Museum are the Winton Domesday and the Liber Niger of Peterborough, lent by the Society of Antiquaries; the two MSS. of the Inquisitio Eliensis, lent by Trinity College, Cambridge; the Domesday Monachorum of Christ Church, Canterbury, the Exon Domesday, and the St. Paul's Domesday—the three last lent by the several caputular bodies to which they belong.

THE Rhind lectures on archaeology, in connexion with the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland, will be delivered this year by Prof. David Masson, of Edinburgh, who has taken as his subject "The Social System of Scotland in the

Sixteenth Century." The course will consist of six lectures, the first of which is to be given on Tuesday next, October 19.

IN connexion with the Teachers' Training Syndicate, Mr. James Ward will deliver a course of lectures at Cambridge on "The Application of Psychology to Education," using as his text-book Mr. Sully's *The Teachers' Handbook of Psychology*.

THE Royal Historical Society is about to publish the despatches of Lord Whitworth during the time he was ambassador in Paris, before the breach of the Peace of Amiens. Prof. J. R. Seeley has kindly placed at the disposal of the society the copies which he made from these despatches some time ago; and additional documents have been copied in the Record Office at the expense of the society. The despatches are of great interest, and contain many private conversations with Napoleon and the Empress Josephine. The volume will be edited by Mr. Oscar Browning, chairman of the council of the society.

MR. JOHN MURRAY has in the press a little volume, to be entitled *The Growth of Freedom in the Balkan Peninsula*; or, a Traveller's Notes in Montenegro, Servia, Bosnia, Bulgaria, and Greece. It is written by Mr. J. George Cotton Minchin, who published some six years ago a book on *Bulgaria since the War*, and who (we may add) was the first consul-general for Servia in England. It will include brief historical and descriptive sketches of the country and the people, and will be illustrated with two maps, showing the political boundaries before and after the treaty of Berlin.

WE hear that Dr. Gordon Stables, R.N., has been for some time engaged on a *History of the Royal Marines*.

THE next volume in the series of "Canterbury Poets" will be a selection of Ben Jonson's plays and poems, with an introduction by Mr. J. A. Symonds.

THE *Dictionary of English Plant Names*, by Mr. James Britten and Mr. Robert Holland, is at last completed, and the third and final part has this week been issued by the English Dialect Society to its members. The entire work contains 646 pages, and has a bibliography and a most elaborate index, in which latter the English popular names are grouped under the Latin or scientific designation.

MESSRS. SWAN SONNENSCHEIN & Co. will publish next week Mr. Hubert Hall's new work, *Elizabethan Society*.

MESSRS. ISBISTER'S announcements for the coming season include: *The Commedia and Canzoniere of Dante Alighieri*, a new translation with a biographical introduction, and notes critical and historical, by Dean Plumptre; *Sententiae Artis: First Principles of Art for Painters and Picture-Lovers*, by Harry Quilter; *Rescue the Children: Twelve Years' Dealing with Neglected Girls and Boys*, by W. Mitchell, Vice-Chairman of the School Board of Glasgow; *Autobiographical Notes and Lectures*, by the late Samuel Edger, of Auckland; *Selections from the Writings of the Late Dr. Norman Macleod*; *Britta: a Shetland Romance*, by the author of "Lancelot Ward, M.P."; *Dinah Mite: a Story for To-Day*, by Brenda; *Heroes and Martyrs of Science*, by Henry C. Ewart; *Up the Nile*, by H. Major; *From the Equator to the Pole*, by Eminent Travellers. Also new editions of *John Bunyan: his Life, Times, and Work*, by John Brown, minister of the Bunyan meeting, Bedford; *The Spirits in Prison*, and other Studies on the Life after Death, by Dean Plumptre; and *The Children's Sunday Hour*, by the Rev. Benjamin Waugh.

MESSRS. KEGAN PAUL, TRENCH & Co. announce for immediate publication an anonym-

ous volume of poetry, entitled *Kosmos*; or, the Hope of the World, which deals with social, political, and philosophical questions of the present day; also, a volume of *Lyrics*, by Miss Charlotte O'Brien; *Melilot*, by Francis Prevost; and *Golden Fetters, and other Poems*, by Mr. John Lascelles.

THE same publishers have in the press a volume of essays, entitled *Conventional Cant*, by Mr. Sidney Wittmann; a collection of Sermons by the Rev. R. H. Charles; and a discourse on *Christian Marriage*, by the Rev. W. Humphrey.

UNDER the title, *Golden Counsels*, the Rev. W. M. Statham has just sent to press a volume of short suggestive thoughts in the form of detached paragraphs. The work is to be published by Mr. Elliot Stock.

A ONE-VOLUME novel by Mr. Britiffe Skottowe, author of "A Short History of Parliament," will shortly be issued by Messrs. Swan Sonnenschein & Co. The plot hinges on an entirely new incident of a startling character, and a handkerchief plays an important part in the complications which ensue. The work will bear the title of *Sudden Death*; or My Lady the Wolf.

THE London Literary Society will publish during October *Madame Bertrand*, a realistic novel, by Mrs. Charles Wethered; and *Courage*, a sensational novel, by Robert Langstaff de Havilland.

MESSRS. CROSBY LOCKWOOD & Co. will shortly publish a work by Mr. Alex. Stewart, entitled *Our Temperaments: their Study and their Teaching*. The author has endeavoured to make it practicable to recognise and name the temperaments, and assign their associated mental traits; and to show that such knowledge is valuable in education, in the choice of a profession, in the promotion of health, and in daily life. A classification of faces is illustrated by a selection from Lodge's *Historical Portraits*.

WINTER'S Annual for 1886 will consist of a novelette entitled "Mignon's Secret," dealing with the after life of the heroine of John Strange Winter's popular work, *Boote's Baby*. "Mignon's Secret" is now running as a serial in *Harper's Bazar* (New York), and in the *Saturday Evening Journal* (Calcutta). Messrs. F. V. White & Co. will publish it on November 1.

THIS year's Christmas number of *Good Words* will consist of a complete story, entitled "Edelweiss," by the author of "Marah," with illustrations by Harry Furniss. Mr. B. L. Farjeon's "Life's Brightest Star," with illustrations by Robert Barnes, will form the separate Christmas issue of the *Sunday Magazine*.

MRS. MOLESWORTH has written a complete story, called "Great Uncle Hoot-Toot," for the *Little Folks'* annual. It is illustrated by Mr. Gordon Browne, and will be issued with the November magazine.

THE first number of *The Lady's World*, the new illustrated magazine of fashion and society, to be published on October 26, will contain an article entitled "The First Lady in the Land—the Queen in the Highlands," by the Rev. W. W. Tulloch.

A NEW edition of a curious and once popular work is about to be published by Mr. J. Burns, of Southampton Row—*The Economy of Human Life*—the original of which purports to have been translated from a MS. found in Thibet, and transmitted from Pekin to Lord Chesterfield.

MESSRS. J. & R. MAXWELL announce the immediate issue of a cheap edition of *Quite True*, by Miss Dora Russell,

MR. ROBERT W. FRAZER, late of the India Civil Service, has been appointed librarian of the London Institute in succession to Mr. J. M. Horburgh. Mr. Frazer has latterly held the post of lecturer in Tamil and Telugu at University College, London.

THE *Northern Daily Telegraph*, a new evening journal, is to be started early in November by the proprietors of the *North-Eastern Daily Gazette*. It will be published at Blackburn as a centre, with branches at Preston, Accrington, Colne, Burley, Clitheroe, and other towns of North Lancashire. Mr. Jesse Quail, assistant editor of the *Newcastle Daily Leader*, is to be the editor.

On Autographs and their Significations is the title of the latest of the privately printed issues of the Sette of Odd Volumes, being the substance of an interesting and witty discourse delivered by Brother E. Aaron Allen at the meeting at Willis's Rooms on October 8.

Correction.—With reference to a note in the ACADEMY of last week, a correspondent writes: "The book which the Rev. Mr. Pearson, of Cheltenham, is about to reproduce is not 'Bewick's Select Fables of Aesop and others,' but 'Select Fables, with cuts, designed and engraved by Thomas and John Bewick and others previous to the year 1784,' in the compiling and publication of which Bewick had no concern. It was brought out by Mr. Thomas Saint, of Newcastle, in 1784; again, in augmented and final form, by Emerson Charnley, of Newcastle, in 1820. It is a totally different work from that which T. Bewick & Son produced under the title of 'The Fables of Aesop and others, with designs on wood by Thomas Bewick,' at Newcastle, in 1818. In the latter, the 'Preface dedicatory to the Youth of the British Isles,' is signed by Thomas Bewick. In the preface to the *Select Fables* of 1820 the first paragraph runs thus: 'As Mr. Bewick has no concern or interest whatever in the work now submitted to the public, it is but justice to him to apprise the reader of what has led to its publication.' This rectification is due to Messrs. Ward & Son, of Newcastle, whose new memorial edition of the works of Thomas Bewick will, of course, comprise the *Aesop's Fables*, and, of course, not the *Select Fables*."

FRENCH JOTTINGS.

THE literary event of this week in France is the publication of a philosophical drama in five acts, by M. Ernest Renan, entitled *L'Abbesse de Jouarre*.

SCARCELY less interest attaches to the announcement that the office of the *Nouvelle Revue* will issue immediately a book by M. Ferdinand de Lesseps about his mission to Rome in 1849, giving an account of his relations with Mazzini.

AMONG other forthcoming works in France we may mention a study of the Middle Ages, entitled *L'An Mil*, by M. Barbey d'Aurevilly, who is also collecting the criticisms that he has printed during the past thirty years in various journals; a new volume of lyrics, by M. Leconte de Lisle; a story of domestic life in the provinces, by M. André Theuriet, illustrated by M. Léon Lhermitte; a new novel, by M. Ludovic Halévy, entitled *Blanche Couronne*, which will appear first in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*; a sequel, by M. Georges Ohnet, to his *Batailles de la Vie*; and an illustrated work on the national manufactories of France—Les Gobelins, Sèvres, Beauvais—by MM. Henri Havard and Marius Vachon.

THE long-expected *Dictionnaire Béarnais, Ancien et Moderne*, par V. Lespy et P. Raymond, in 2 vols. octavo, will be published this month by L. Ribaut, of Pau. The vocabulary is illustrated from kindred dialects, and by copious quotations and proverbs, with French translations, specially selected to throw light on the

history, institutions, and superstitions of Béarn. The work thus embraces a wider interest than that of an ordinary lexicton.

AMONG other books of local interest, either lately published, or in preparation, at Pau, we may mention *Le Catalogue de la Bibliothèque de Pau, partie locale, par M. L. Soulié*; the fourth edition of M. Vignancour's *Cansons Béarnaises*; *Le Cayer des Despenses de la Cour en Béarn*, par M. L. Louchard, a publication full of interest for prices and for court life in the sixteenth century; a folio volume on *Orthez*, with etchings and engravings by M. M. J. Planté et Paul Dufour. As soon as his dictionary has appeared M. Lespy will prepare fresh editions of his *Proverbes* and *Dictionnaire du Béarn*. In its next *Bulletin*, the Société des Sciences, Lettres, et Arts de Pau will publish a *compte-rendu* of the discovery of the fine Gallo-Roman mosaic at Lescar.

At a recent meeting of the Académie des Inscriptions, M. Paul Meyer read a paper upon the "Image du Monde," a work on geography and cosmography written in French verse *circa* 1245, which enjoyed a great popularity during the middle ages. More than sixty MSS. of it are known, which fall under two classes—an abridged, and an expanded version. It has generally been supposed that the former is the original. The authorship is assigned to a certain Gautier of Metz, according to the *Bibliothèque lorraine* of Dom Calmet, who states that he had read it so asserted in a MS. belonging to Du Cange. But all trace of this MS. was lost. During a recent visit to England, M. Paul Meyer was fortunate enough to establish the following results: (1) Harleian MS. 4333 in the British Museum contains a preface to the poem of 648 lines, in which the author dedicates his work to Robert d'Artois, brother of Saint Louis, and to James, Bishop of Metz, brother of Duke Matthew II. of Lorraine, so far corroborating the statement that he was of Metz origin; (2) this preface further contains several passages to be found only in the longer version, thus establishing that this version was the original one; (3) the very MS. of Du Cange exists in the Phillips Library at Cheltenham, containing the following (among other notes in the handwriting of Du Cange): "Che sont les matières que sont contenues en ce livre qui est appellé le Mapemonde; si le fist maître Gautier de Mies en Lorraine, uns très bons philosophes."

IN MEMORIAM.

JAMES Y. GIBSON, ESQ.
(Obit Oct. 2, 1886.)

The grave which now enshrouds thy manly frame
Is but the golden gate of true delight,
Through which thy soul hath Heavenward
winged its flight,
Freed from the storms of life, its praise and blame.
Repose! for thou hast toiled, but not for fame;
Content to strive, unheeded, for the bright
Clear orb of truth, of learning, and of right.
In thee did Spain's most justly honoured name
Revive the brilliance of its old renown;
And, as the gold wrought by a master hand
Doth add fresh lustre to the jewelled crown,
So hath thy pen, a great magician's wand,
O'er his "Numantia" double glory thrown,
And taught his merits in a foreign land.

HABIB ANTHONY SALMONÉ.

MAGAZINES AND REVIEWS.

In *Macmillan* Mr. Goldwin Smith records his impressions of "England Revisited." Mr. Smith wonders whether rural England grows more beautiful or whether it is only that his sense of its loveliness is heightened by the con-

* "Numantia," the one great drama of Cervantes, was not long ago ably translated by Mr. Gibson.

trast with the utilitarian ugliness of the agricultural districts of the New World. Since his last visit here he sees marked signs of a decline in national prosperity, but considers that the wage-earning classes have been less affected by it than those of higher social position. In art and literature he thinks we are going downwards, though in the ability and power of English journalism he recognises a decided advance. Mr. Pater's "Denys L'Auxerrois" is a singularly ingenious fancy, worked out with the delicate elaboration of style characteristic of the author. Not inappropriately, Mr. Pater's story is followed by an anonymous, but decidedly noteworthy, translation of the "Pervigilium." "My Success in Literature" is a short story of the sort more often met with in the *Cornhill* than in *Macmillan*. It will provoke a hearty laugh. "In the Doctor's Den" is a dialogue—not very artistically constructed—about the Royal Academy and its assailants. The Whig dogs get the worst of it. There are also two very readable papers on "The Wilds and Woodlands of the Cape," and "Quail Shooting in America," and a short article of "Prose Poems," not remarkable as criticism, but attractive by virtue of its quotations. Altogether this is a more than usually interesting number.

Blackwood this month contains only one article professedly treating of party politics—"Facts and Fictions in Irish History," by Lord Brabourne, but this article fills a third of the number. A long unsigned article, headed "Cankers of a Calm World," may also be described as political, though it is chiefly concerned with questions other than those which form the battle-ground of English parties. The writer disputes the truth of the maxim, "Happy is the people whose annals are uneventful," and argues that England has entered on a period of stagnation with regard to industrial production which is likely to be of long duration, and to prove no less disastrous than war might have been. In his remarks on the causes of this state of things and its remedies there is much that we should dispute, but the article, though not attractively written, is worth reading. "The Wit, Wisdom, and Folly of the Last Five Years" turns out to be a review of Mr. Fortescue's Subject-Index of the additions to the library of the British Museum for 1880-5. Of course, no small portion of the "folly" is placed to the account of Liberal statesmen and their literary advocates. The writer mentions that one result of Sir A. Panizzi's elaborate rules for cataloguing was that a novel entitled *Ask Mama*; or, the Richest Commoner in England had to be placed under the heading of "England." The two chapters of Mr. Laurence Oliphant's "Moss from a Rolling Stone" relate to the author's experiences in Central America in 1856 and in Calcutta during the Mutiny. Mr. Oliphant, "having tried both," declares that the life of a filibuster is "infinitely superior in its aims and methods to that of a politician."

PROF. DAVIDSON, in the *Expositor* for October, deserves gratitude for the more readable form of his commentary on the Revised Version of the Book of Job. The new Oriel Professor at Oxford has, at any rate, endeavoured to make a dry subject interesting in his sketch of the Development Period of Heinrich Ewald. Bishop Alexander preaches most admirably, but does not expound St. Peter. Dr. Maclarens invokes St. Paul on behalf of lay preachers, but admits directly afterwards that the preaching of St. Paul is thinking of is expressed in psalmody and hymnody. Dr. Marcus Dods shows equal tact and insight in his treatment of the ninth chapter of Zechariah. Mr. Simcox gives another of his instructive notes on various readings (Rev. i. 14.) "Notes and News" on forthcoming works and changes in the German professoriate complete the number.

THE ORIENTALIST CONGRESS.

In accordance with the promise given to readers of the *ACADEMY* in our last week's general report of the labours of the Orientalist Congress at Vienna, we now give a brief résumé of some of the leading papers contributed to the Egypto-African section. It must be understood that other papers of equal merit are unrepresented solely from lack of materials, it being impossible to attend the sittings of all the sections, or to obtain abstracts from all the members.

EGYPTO-AFRICAN SECTION.

This section held only two formal sittings: the first on Tuesday, September 28, and the second on Wednesday, September 29, M. Naville being on both occasions in the chair. The proceedings opened on Tuesday with the reading of an interesting paper by M. Beauregard, of Paris, entitled "Le collier de mérite pour l'aménagement des herbes fourragères." In this paper M. Beauregard stated his reasons for believing that there existed in Ancient Egypt an order of merit for ladies of priestly rank attached to the worship of Apis; and that this order, or collar, was conferred for distinguished services in connexion with the cultivation of certain field produce destined for purposes of forage for the divine bull. The evidence adduced by M. Beauregard cannot, perhaps, be said to have proved his contention; but he has opened up an interesting inquiry which may lead to further discussion.

The second paper, read by Dr. August Eisenlohr, Professor of Egyptology at Heidelberg, was headed "Ueber eine Reihe Egyptischer Papyrusrollen welche von der Beraubung von Königgräbern handeln." The subject of ancient tomb-robberies in Egypt is in itself of extreme importance, and Prof. Eisenlohr's discourse was listened to with profound attention. This eminent Egyptologist began by describing a fragment of papyrus at Vienna, containing a register of various rolls of papyri contained in two jars. These MSS. are of two kinds, legal and historical—the former being judicial documents concerning the violation and robbery of royal tombs, and the latter forming part of the annals of the reign of Ra-user Ma Mer-Amen. The contents of these two jars were found in 1885, and are the same which were, for the greater part, purchased by Mr. A. Harris. Some of these papyri, while yet in Mr. Harris's possession, were damaged by an explosion of gunpowder at Alexandria, previous to 1872, when they passed into the possession of the British Museum. The remainder of the find was dispersed, and has been traced by Dr. Eisenlohr—two of the papyri being now in the museum of the Liverpool Free Library, and some others, as the Vassali papyri and the papyri of Mrs. de Burgh, having been sold in 1856 to the British Museum. Dr. Eisenlohr spoke at some length on the contents of these various documents, which were for the most part written during the last years of the reign of Ra-nefer-Ka (Rameses IX.), and during the two first years of that Pharaoh's successor, Rameses X., who appears therein with the title of Nem Mesu, the "Renewer of Birth." Dr. Eisenlohr especially drew the attention of his audience to one of the judicial papyri before mentioned—namely, a long register of 185 proprietors of houses in Western Thebes, beginning with the house of Ra-men-ma (Seti I.), whereby is probably meant the Temple of Qurnah.

Dr. J. Lieblein, Professor of Egyptology at Christiania, Sweden, followed with a communication upon the interpretation to be given to the word *Nehas*, or *Nehes*; a term hitherto regarded as signifying negro. Dr. Lieblein, however, recognises in this word not only an ethnological, but a titular meaning, identical

with that of *Negus*, the royal title of Ethiopian sovereigns.

Dr. W. Pleyte of Leiden then read a delightful paper on ancient Egyptian art, illustrated by a large selection of photographs of objects in the Leiden Museum. Among these must be especially noted a sarcophagus in red granite, made for one Khem-Nefer, in the likeness of a wooden house of the time of the Ancient Empire; an alabaster stela of a functionary named Ab-en-neb; a limestone group of one Tata and his wife; a group of three persons, also in limestone; a statue of the famous Princess Mertetefes, accompanied by her secretary Khennu; four statuettes executed in the highest style of Egyptian art and of the finest period; and lastly a table of offerings of one Tuf-tsa. All these monuments, said Dr. Pleyte, are characterised by an extraordinary degree of realism grafted upon the truest conception of art, and executed with a mastery of material which enabled the sculptors to treat stone with as much freedom as if it had been clay. These portraits are strictly portraits, though idealised. The personages whom they represent neither laugh, nor weep, nor are serious. They are simply calm. It was thus that the Egyptians conceived the sacred figure called the *Ka*, or double; and it was through their veneration for the *Ka* that this people arrived at such a perfection of realism in the arts of basrelief and statuary as is elsewhere unknown at that early period of the world's history. Theirs was a faithful and devout worship of ancestors, of which worship the tomb was the sanctuary. And it was from the tomb of this period that Egyptian architecture subsequently emerged to originate the Doric style in the grottoes of Beni Hassan, and to pave the way for the glories of the arts of Greece. Dr. Pleyte, at the close of this eloquent and impressive paper, was greeted with prolonged and hearty applause.

Mr. Cope Whitehouse (U.S.A.) next occupied the platform, and delivered in German an extemporary abridgment of his paper on "The Blessing of Jacob," which he read last year *in extenso* before the Society of Biblical Archaeology in London. He was followed by Captain Grimal de Guiraudon, who gave an extremely interesting account of the Puls, and some other tribes of Western Africa. The Puls are a yellowish-white race, of Mohammedan religion, having nothing in common with the negro peoples of the surrounding country. That part of their religion which perpetuates the records of the Books of Genesis and Exodus is remarkable for the purity of its traditions, and Captain de Guiraudon suggested that their remote ancestors might have derived these traditions from the Hebrew colonists of the time of the sojourn in Egypt.

The second sitting of the Egypto-African Section began with a paper by Miss Amelia B. Edwards, on "The Dispersion of Antiquities consequent upon the recent Discovery of certain Ancient Egyptian Cemeteries in Upper Egypt." In this paper, to which we referred in our last report, Miss Edwards drew attention to the increased and increasing number of Egyptian antiquities which now find their way to Europe and America, and are lost sight of in private collections—antiquities which might in all probability restore many a lost page of Egyptian history, and which are as sealed books to their present possessors. Miss Edwards adduced some startling instances of important royal papyri, canopic vases, stelæ, and the like, which are at this present time lying *perdu* in English country houses and obscure provincial museums, and urged upon the Congress the necessity of concerting some scheme of international correspondence whereby private collections might be reported upon, and a register kept of their contents. Miss Edwards concluded

by giving translations of two funeral stelæ, of the XVIIIth and XIXth dynasties respectively, now in the museum of Bath, and not previously deciphered. Of M. Guimet's generous offer to publish Miss Edwards's paper in a French translation for general circulation, we have already given some account.

M. Guimet next presented a paper on Egyption Chiromancy by M. Léfèbure, which, to the great regret of those present, was not read.

Prof. Dümichen read a paper entitled "Auszüge aus seinen neuesten Schriften," illustrated with texts, of which, for want of the necessary data, we are unfortunately unable to give an abstract. The next paper, "Eine Pun-phönizische Handelskolonie in Egypten," was read by Prof. Lieblein. This distinguished savant has succeeded in identifying the traces of an ancient Phoenician colony settled in the neighbourhood of Chemmis (Panopolis), the modern Ekhmeem. The place of their settlement was called Pa-Bennu, the land (or abode?) of the Phoenicians, where, in a later age, Pachomius founded a monastery, and his sister founded a convent.

Dr. Krall (who, with Prof. Karabacek, is engaged in the arrangement and decipherment of the Archduke Rainer's collection of papyri), without the aid of notes, and with no other illustrations than his own rapid chalk jottings on the blackboard, delivered a fluent and learned discourse, entitled, in the day's programme, "Ueber Psonthomphanech (I. Mos., 41. 15) den Egyptischen Namen Josephs." The lecturer pointed out that this name is not Joseph's title, but his Egyptian name. Joseph, it will be remembered, received an Egyptian wife from Pharaoh—namely, the daughter of the high priest, Potiphar; consequently, Joseph became a naturalised Egyptian, and hence his Egyptian name. It is well known that many foreigners in Egypt had double names, of which the Egyptian name is sometimes only the translation of his original name, whether Semitic or Greek. "We must therefore," said Dr. Krall, "first carefully examine the laws of transcription; and, secondly, find out whether words containing the supposed form occur in other contemporary inscriptions." Dr. Krall then pointed out that names beginning with Σ (= t'i = tzee), and ending with ΕΦΩΝΞ (= ef-ōnx or ef - önch, which means "he who lives," and of which the middle syllable consists of the name of some god, as, for instance, Horus, or Hor) are frequently found about the time of Sheshonk and later. The middle syllable of this word would therefore contain the name of a deity; and if we search the Egyptian Pantheon, we find only Month, the god of war, whose name would accord with the middle syllable of Joseph's Egyptian name. We must therefore conclude that in Hebrew the *p* and *m* were interchanged in the pronunciation of Joseph's long Egyptian name, especially as these two sounds are related to each other. The name ought therefore to be transcribed (following the laws of transcription which have been observed in the Demotic-Greek papyri) Ti-menth-ef-onych-os, which means, "Ti (perhaps the servant of) Month who lives." The young and learned doctor also pointed out the fact that as among Semitic peoples the sacred age is 120 years, so among the Egyptians the sacred age was 110 years; the pious Egyptian always prayed to Osiris that he might live to the age of 110; and it is to be noted that Joseph, the naturalised Egyptian, is recorded in the Bible as having died at the age of 110 years.

All the papers entered for this section having now been read, M. Naville gave a most interesting and instructive *viva voce* account of the origin, progress, and completion of his

critical edition of the *Todtenbuch*, or "Book of the Dead," from the moment when that great task was confided to him by the members of the Orientalist Congress of 1874, down to the issue of the concluding (introductory) volume, of which the first copy was laid upon the table. M. Naville described the method upon which he had worked, the difficulties he had to overcome, and the reason why he limited his field of research to papyri not later than the period of the XIXth Dynasty. No one life, he said, would be long enough to complete such a work, if extended to documents of more recent date. Among other novel and interesting conclusions derived from his long and intimate study of this most ancient religious book, M. Naville has arrived at the fact that the trials and terrors of the under-world, as described in the "Book of the Dead," were not supposed to await all souls in their passage from life to eternity. Some souls might encounter certain perils, other souls might encounter other perils, and some might altogether escape the snares of Hades. The "Book of the Dead" is, therefore, a book of texts placed, so to say, in the hands of every dead Egyptian for his protection and guidance in case of need; but it is strictly provisional. All these prayers and texts are also understood to be spoken by the deceased himself, in case he finds himself beset by those especial perils. The book is, therefore, in no sense a "Ritual." Want of space forbids us to enter at more length into the subject-matter of M. Naville's explanations, which were listened to with breathless attention, and followed by prolonged applause. We have already reported Dr. Pleyte's vote of thanks to M. Naville for the great service he has rendered to science in the conduct and completion of this onerous and important work.

Next week we hope to give a few abstracts of papers read in the Semitic and Aryan Sections.

NOTES OF A TOUR IN THE ASIATIC GREEK ISLANDS.

(Continued.)

IX. RHODES (continued).

Or the ten days that we spent in Rhodes, five were devoted to the interior of the island, our object being to visit the sites of the ancient cities of Ialyssos, Cameiros, and Lindos, and to ascend Atabyron, which is the highest and most central mountain. During the first day of our journey (April 13) we were in the neighbourhood of the western coast. An hour's riding from the city brought us to a place called Trianda, where a space of level ground was covered with olive groves, and fig, orange, and cherry plantations; the houses which stand in the midst of these are the summer residences of the wealthier inhabitants of the city of Rhodes, but at this time they were untenanted. On the further side of this rises a steep, flat-topped mountain, called Phileremo, on the summit of which, in many places, the remains of a Frankish castle may be seen; this was the acropolis of Ialyssos, called in ancient times Ochyroma, or the stronghold, and pieces of Hellenic work are said to be found imbedded in the walls. The city lay in the plain between the foot of this hill and the sea, and here we saw a Corinthian capital by the road-side, and a few fragments of columns in the neighbouring fields; these are all the traces that remain, but the site has been identified by means of an inscription which was discovered on the spot. In the time of the Knights the castle above possessed an image of the Virgin, which was the object of great veneration, and on important occasions—as, for instance, at the commencement of the final siege—was conducted in solemn procession to the city.

The name of the neighbouring village of Cremaste is a corruption of Grande-Maistrie, for the ruined castle that remains there was the summer palace of the Grand-Masters; and the church is dedicated to the Panagia Katholike, and is the scene of a great festival (*παρθενούσι*) on August 15. As this title is an unusual one, and *Καθολικός* is the Greek word for a Roman Catholic, it is not unnatural to suppose that we have here a reminiscence of the alien *culte*. Another place, some way further on, Villa Nova, derives its name from Hélon de Villeneuve, the second Grand-Master.

At the end of six hours we reached Kalavarda, which is the nearest village to the ruins of Cameiros. Our entertainer at this place, to whom we had an introduction from our obliging vice-consul, M. Biliotti, had served as superintendent of the works to M. E. Biliotti, now the British Consul in Crete, when, in company with a French gentleman, M. Salzmann, he devoted several years to the exploration of this site. We found him an intelligent man, for he spoke French, having been in Paris with M. Salzmann during the siege, and he had also been in M. E. Biliotti's employ when he was consul at Trebizond, and had travelled with him as far as Van in Armenia. Notwithstanding this, he seemed to have returned with perfect contentment to the life of a simple peasant, and his house, like all the country houses in Rhodes, consisted of a single room, which he and his family gave up to us for the night. At the time of our arrival he was absent working in the fields, so we engaged another native, who had taken part in the excavations, to act as our guide. The site of Cameiros is at a place called Hagios Minas, three miles to the west of Kalavarda. In order to reach it, we first crossed by stepping stones a stream, which, to judge from the width of its bed, must, at certain seasons, be a violent torrent, and after two miles came to some excavations, where there had been tombs in the clayey soil; these continued at intervals for another mile, forming a sort of necropolis. The light colour of the earth throughout this neighbourhood seems to have suggested the Homeric epithet of the place, *ἀργυρώδης*. At last we came to the site itself, which is thickly strewn with fragments of pottery, while at the highest point Hellenic walls have been excavated; from this the ground slopes in terraces towards the sea. At the back of the acropolis passages flanked by massive walls, which meet at an angle above, are visible at several points at a considerable depth below the level of the soil; these seem to have belonged to a watercourse which supplied the city. An inscription containing the name of Cameiros was found on the spot, and, like that of Ialyssos, is now in the British Museum. The discovery of it was of great importance, for, previously to this, two other localities—one on the eastern, the other further south on the western side of the island—had been suggested as the site of this city, but nothing had been certainly known. The tombs which have been mentioned yielded a rich harvest of works of art, the finest of which have been figured in M. Salzmann's splendid book of illustrations, entitled *Nécropole de Camiros*. We returned to Kalavarda by a different route over the heights, in the midst of pine-trees, with the grand bare peak of Mount Atabyron in view towards the south.

The following day (April 14) we directed our course toward that mountain. In order to reach it we had to cross another ridge, called Hagios Elias, which runs in a long line parallel to the coast, and from its gray precipices, interspersed with pine trees, reminded me of the Salève as seen from Geneva. During the first part of the way the banks were clothed with cistus plants, which were covered with blossoms, both white and red; and as we ascended we met with white

cyclamens and white peonies. After passing the ridge we descended for a while, and then mounted again for a long distance through forests on the slope of Atabyron, until we reached the little monastery of Artamiti, which stands at the foot of the peak of that mountain. The position of this is excellently chosen, for it occupies a small level in a clearing of the pine trees, and commands a beautiful view over the eastern side of the island, where one range of hills succeeds another, as far as the sea. Its name suggests the idea that it may stand on the site of a temple of Artemis; and this has been corroborated by the recent discovery of an inscription to a priest of *Ἄρπατος* (Dor. form of *Aρπατος*) at a place only a mile and a half distant (*Bulletin de Correspondance hellénique*, ix., pp. 100, 101). The hegumen—who is the only monk, and occupies the building together with some members of his family and a few lay-brotheren, about fifteen souls in all—provided us with a room for the night, and immediately procured for us a boy who might act as our guide to the summit. There was no path beyond what our young companion extemporised, and for the first hour the ascent was very steep and rugged; at one period a grove of ilexes must have covered this face of the peak, but now only sparse copse and isolated trees remain. When we arrived at the shoulder of the mountain, the ground became more level; and from this point to the summit, which we reached in another half-hour, the surface of the soil is simply a wilderness of rocks and fragments of hard grey stone. On a lower summit, a quarter of a mile distant from the highest, and but little inferior to it, are the rude remains of a temple of gray limestone, consisting of the base of its outer walls and part of the cells, but hardly more than its shape can be traced. It was dedicated to Zeus, of whom Pindar speaks, as “holding sway on the ridges of Atabyron” (*Ol. vii. 160*). At one time a part of it was converted into a chapel of St. John the Evangelist, but now this also is in ruins. The height of the summit, according to the Admiralty Chart, is 4070 feet. The name Atabyron, or Atabyrion—now corrupted into Atairo—is also found in Sicily, and is of Phoenician origin, being, in fact, the same as Tabor, which mountain is so called by Greek writers.

The view from this point is very striking, for it comprises the whole island of Rhodes, set in the sea. The area which it presents is a very undulating one, being intersected by ranges of varied form, among which three mountains stand up conspicuously; and three rivers can be seen winding their way to the coast, two on the eastern, and one on the western side. Beyond the southern extremity of Rhodes the long broken outline of Carpathos was visible; but the Cretan mountains, which in clear weather are within view, were now concealed. During our ascent we saw three fine snow-clad summits at three separate points on the mainland of Lycia, and also the island of Syme and the coast beyond it; but these were obscured by gathering mist before we reached the top. The interest of the view detained us longer than was prudent, and when we commenced our return, we were for a time enveloped in clouds. These soon dispersed; but as we were on the eastern, and therefore the dark, side of the peak, and the sky had been clouded over, we found that the light was rapidly failing us. However, when we were in the middle of the worst part of the descent, where the sharp edges of the rocks, and the loose fragments that lay about, required the utmost care to avoid an awkward accident, the moon shone out brightly, and by her favouring light we at last arrived at the monastery. We had all the more reason to rejoice at this, when, a little before midnight, we heard a violent storm

of thunder and lightning raging on the summit, and the hail and wind battered the shutters of our dwelling.

The day on which we left Artamiti (April 15) was spent in journeying to Lindos on the east coast. It was a beautiful ride, for at first we were winding about through pine-forests by an unfringed track, and afterwards we descended a long valley to the sea. At this point the character of the scenery changed with extreme suddenness; for as we followed the coast northward, the red and grey precipices that rose above us were absolutely bare—indeed, this whole neighbourhood is one of the wildest and most sterile in the island. The town of Lindos, which retains its ancient name, is the most striking in its position and appearance of all the cities of Rhodes. In some respects it recalls Ragusa, since it reaches from one to the other of two harbours, and is enclosed between the mountain-slopes on the land-side and a peninsula, which juts into the sea, and bears the towering castle-rock. The harbour toward the north is the larger, and is partly defended from the east wind by two islands that lie in front of it; the southern harbour is a small basin with a very narrow entrance. The flat-roofed town, when seen from above, lying between these, presents a peculiar appearance. Many of the houses date from the time of the Knights, who are known in the island as Καβαλλαρίοι, and occasionally as Στρατοφόροι; these can be distinguished by their ornamental doorways and windows, but not a few are partially ruined, for Lindos has greatly shrunk in size, and now contains less than 800 inhabitants. Within some of the dwellings plates of the Rhodian ware, which is so greatly prized by collectors, may be seen suspended on the walls, but most of them are damaged, and the owners are well aware of the money-value even of these.

The classical antiquities of Lindos are found, partly in the town itself, and partly in the acropolis above. In the southern part of the town towards the smaller harbour, are the substructions of a temple, consisting of a massive wall, finely built of rectangular blocks of a closely grained limestone; half-a-dozen courses of this remain, but of the temple itself there is no trace. Immediately above this stood the theatre, which was in part carved out of the rock in the hill-side, a plan adopted by the Greeks whenever the ground allowed of it, and portions of the curved rows of seats may be seen. On the landside of the town, opposite the acropolis, the lower part of the cliffs is broken into caverns, and one of these has been converted into a burial-place. Above the entrance a Doric entablature, with triglyphs, was carved, below which stood a number of small columns, engaged in the rock, but the central portion of this ornamental front has fallen down. In one part a number of sepulchral monuments of grey marble, resembling those which are found in the city of Rhodes, must have stood, for several of these—round in form, and decorated with bulls' heads and wreaths—lie about on the ground in front. The rocks at the side and back of the chamber within have been excavated, so as to form sepulchral niches. The remains of the famous temple of Athena of Lindos are situated near the highest point of the acropolis, which is at the southernmost angle; they consist of part of the wall that supported the entire building, and part of that of the cella. In its neighbourhood lie numerous stones bearing inscriptions, and one of these, which records a victory at Olympia, has an especial interest, because Pindar's seventh Olympic Ode was composed in honour of Diagoras, a boxer of Rhodes. On the summit itself there are considerable remains of Hellenic walls.

The castle of Lindos, however, deserves a more detailed description, because it was con-

verted into an important stronghold by the Knights of Rhodes. It is now deserted, and the traveller can roam about there at his pleasure; but when Ross visited it in 1843, it was still occupied by a Turkish garrison, and was not allowed to be entered by strangers. The rock on which it stands rises precipitously on every side, but especially so towards the south, where it overhangs the sea at a height of 200 feet. The Knights, however, did not do things by halves, and their fortifications were carried all round the summit, without reference to the inaccessible nature of the cliffs. The approach was on the northern side, where the fall is least abrupt; here there are three gateways, which lead successively through three lines of walls, and the third of these, by which the castle itself is entered, is very deep from back to front, and has pointed arches inside; within this, two drums of ancient columns are placed on either hand, and appear to have served for the stations of soldiers on guard. It is a curious feature that another entrance at this point led to the upper storey, for a long flight of steps is attached to the outer wall, and from the top of this it would seem that a drawbridge or wooden ladder afforded an entrance. Close to this gate stood the most important buildings—a church of St. John the Baptist, and the residence of the commander of the fortress, below which are extensive subterranean chambers. In one of the rooms a hearth remains, the plaster over which is frescoed with a central figure of St. John, with shields of various dignitaries on either side of it. At several points within the castle there are vast cisterns, and a passage for the defenders runs round inside the battlements. The rest of the area is a mass of ruins. The palm tree, which forms such a conspicuous object in the view of Lindos in Mr. Newton's *Travels and Discoveries*, is now reduced to a bare staff, having been struck by lightning last year.

Our return journey from this point occupied two days, during which we were in the neighbourhood of the eastern coast. The first part of the way lay through the richest and best watered district that we had seen, and the large village of Archangelos, at which we passed the night, stands on one side of a well-cultivated upland plain. The hill above it is crowned by a fort constructed by the Knights. In the course of the following day we passed a place where the rocks for some two hundred yards had been carefully cut in ancient times, so as to form a road. Our approach to the city was betokened by the increasing luxuriance of the vegetation, and this sign was confirmed by the appearance of mosques in the villages, for the Turkish population of the island is almost entirely congregated in the capital and its neighbourhood. At last we caught sight of the circuit of walls, with numerous minarets; and threading our way, first through lanes gay with the blossoms of the judas-tree, and afterwards between high walls, the gateways in which revealed the handsome houses and pleasant gardens of the wealthier inhabitants of the suburbs, reached our resting-place in Rhodes, and the end of our journey. H. F. TOZER.

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COHN, E. Nationalökonomische Studien. Stuttgart: Enke. 14 M.
COPIN, A. Talma et la Révolution. Paris: Frizine. 3 fr. 50 c.
FOLK-LORE Español. Tomos VIII. y IX. Madrid: Fe. 2 fr. 50 c.
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GRUENHAGEN, C. Geschichts Schlesiens. 2. Bd. Gotha: Porthes. 7 M. 60 Pf.

WEISZÄCKER, J. Der Pfalzgraf als Richter üb. den König. Göttingen: Dieterich. 3 M. 50 Pf.

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COLMEIRO, M. Enumeración y revisión de las plantas de la península Hispano-Lusitana e islas Baleares. Tomo II. Madrid: Fuentenebro. 10 r.

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KALKMANN, A. Pausanias der Perieget. Untersuchungen üb. seine Schriftsteller u. seine Quellen. Berlin: Reimer. 8 M.

SUPPLEMENTUM Aristotelicum editum consilio et auctoritate Academie litterarum regiae borussicae. Vol. 1. pars 2. Prisciani Lydi quae extant. Metaphasis in Theophrastum et soutionum ad Chosroem liber. Ed. I. Bywater. Berlin: Reimer. 5 M.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE TEXT OF EZEKIEL.

Milan: Oct. 11, 1886.

In the ACADEMY of last week (p. 234) Prof. T. K. Cheyne says:

"Since Dr. Cornill wrote, we have had an important expression of opinion on divers matters by Dr. Ceriani, in his short treatise, entitled

Critica Biblica: le recensioni del LXX. e la versione latina dell' Italia."

This might lead to the inference that I wrote after the publication of Dr. Cornill's work. This could not be. Dr. Cornill dates his preface —Marburg, January 30, 1886. I read my paper at the Reale Istituto Lombardo on February 18; and, according to the rules, I gave my MS. the same day to be preserved in its archives, and from it the treatise was immediately printed and published in the *Rendiconti* of the Reale Istituto Lombardo. From the dates it thus appears that I could not have then seen in Milan the book of Dr. Cornill.

P. A. CERIANI.

BARLOW, THE AMERICAN POET.

Bebington, Cheshire: October 9, 1886.

Dr. Greece's criticism seems to be based on a misapprehension. He quotes me correctly as saying Barlow's claim to the title of poet "rests on nothing better than some verses about Hasty Pudding . . . and a metrical version of the Psalms"—a statement to which I adhere; but he proceeds as though I had declared Barlow's claim to rest on nothing else than these two works, and this I neither said nor meant. Barlow wrote several so-called "poems," including "The Vision of Columbus," published in 1787, the precursor of the "Columbiad," and a better piece, because shorter. Poor as I think "Hasty Pudding" and the "Metrical Version of the Psalms," the "Columbiad" seems to me very much poorer. Mr. Todd, who cannot be charged with underrating anything Barlow did, describes "Hasty Pudding" as "the charming mock pastoral which, more than anything he ever wrote, proves his claim to the possession of true genius"; but the best he can say for the "Columbiad" is that it "was not a great poem," and "its chief literary interest arises from the fact of its having been one of the earliest efforts of the American muse, and from the circumstances under which it was produced." Dr. Greece's early associations with the "Columbiad" might easily have biased his judgment in its favour; yet even he commits himself to no definite declaration about its quality except that "it is undoubtedly an ambitious production"—an assertion which I will not dispute.

WALTER LEWIN.

PROPOSED STATUE TO IZAAK WALTON IN WINCHESTER CATHEDRAL.

London: Oct. 13, 1886.

Doubtless many of your readers are anglers; and I venture to ask for a short space in your columns to inform them that the Very Rev. Dr. Kitchin, Dean of Winchester, has promised to find a niche for a statue of Izaak Walton in the great screen of the cathedral (which is now being repaired), if anglers will provide the statue.

I have opened a subscription list, and shall be glad to acknowledge, in the *Fishing Gazette*, any sums sent to me for "The Izaak Walton Statue Fund."

R. B. MARSTON.

APPOINTMENTS FOR NEXT WEEK.

MONDAY, Oct. 18, 8 p.m. Royal Academy: "The Bones of the Human Body," III., by Prof. John Marshall.

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 20, 8 p.m. Royal Academy: "The Joints of the Human Body," by Prof. John Marshall.

THURSDAY, Oct. 21, 5 p.m. Hellenic Society: "A Bronze Leg in the British Museum," by Mr. E. J. Poynter; "Vases representing the Judgment of Paris," by Miss J. E. Harrison.

FRIDAY, Oct. 22, 8 p.m. Royal Academy: "The Muscles of the Human Body," I., by Prof. John Marshall.

8 p.m. New Shakspere: "The Elizabethan Drama and Contemporary Crime," by Mr. S. L. Lee.

SCIENCE.

FICK'S RECONSTRUCTION OF THE ILIAD.

Die Homerische Ilias. By A. Fick. In 2 vols. (Göttingen : Vandenhoeck & Ruprecht.)

Two years ago I drew the attention of the readers of the ACADEMY to Prof. Fick's important, not to say revolutionary, work on the *Odyssey* of Homer. I expressed my belief in the substantial success of his endeavour to restore the original Aeolic text of the Homeric poems, and to trace their passage into their present form. For the first time his critical skill and philological attainments have enabled us to get back beyond the existing text, which is not older than the introduction of the Eukleidean alphabet in B.C. 403, and to realise what that archaic Homer was actually like about which classical scholars have talked so much but have known so little. Such a task could have been successfully performed only by one who, like Prof. Fick, combines scientific philology with an unrivalled knowledge of the ancient Greek dialects. He has shown that certain portions of the *Odyssey* can be reclothed in their original Aeolic dress without difficulty, while other portions resist the attempt. In these latter he sees the additions of the Ionic redactor, whom he has identified with Kynaithos, the author of the Homeric hymn to the Delian Apollo.

In my review I defended the traditional date (B.C. 504) assigned to Kynaithos against Prof. Fick's opinion that it was too recent. Fick now accepts my view, and adds some further arguments in support of it. We may, therefore, regard the period of the Ionic revolt as that in which the Ionic Homer first took shape—a fact which will explain many of the allusions and a good deal of the spirit which we find in the poems. Among the linguistic evidence bearing upon this date, may be mentioned a fact which Fick has been the first to bring to light. The older Ionic poets, such as Arkhilochos, Simonides, or Hipponax, show no acquaintance with those Aeolisms of Homer which differ metrically from the corresponding Ionic terms; on the contrary, these Aeolisms are imitated by the younger poets from B.C. 540 downwards—an indication that while the older poets knew of Homer only in a form which could exercise no influence on their diction, the younger poets possessed the Homeric poems in their present shape, honeycombed, that is to say, with Aeolisms which the necessities of the metre required to be left.

What Prof. Fick has done in the case of the *Odyssey* he has now followed up in the case of the *Iliad*. Here he marks out two original poems, each of considerable length, and distinct from one another—the first recounting the Wrath of Akhilleus, the second the Doom of Ilion. The author of the first he holds to be a Smyrniote, whose name he ingeniously restores as Melésigenès, and behind whom lay a school of Pierian poets from Thrace; the author of the second is possibly a native of Myrina. The *Ménis*, or Wrath of Akhilleus, underwent considerable enlargement, at the hands probably of a Lesbian; and the Doom of Ilion was eventually incorporated into it with numerous alterations and additions, either by a series of rhapsodists or by a single member of the Kyprian school.

It will be seen from this that Fick accepts the theory of Grote and Duntzer, though he brings fresh arguments to its support and gives it a modification of his own. His arguments, urged as they are with an originality, a freedom from prejudice, and above all an appreciation of scientific evidence which is unfortunately rare in Homeric controversialists, have quite convinced me. The composition of the *Iliad* does not differ from that of the *Odyssey*; both poems alike consist of earlier epics which have been welded together. If, moreover, Fick is right in ascribing the last book to the amplifier of the *Ménis*, the references in it to Lesbos and the "Niobé" of Mount Sipylos indicate the locality from which he must have come.

Naturally there is a good deal of detail, both in the linguistic and in the critical portion of Prof. Fick's work which future research will modify. This must always be the case with first attempts in a new direction, and Prof. Fick himself fully recognises the fact. He has, indeed, changed some of his opinions between the publication of his *Odyssey* and that of his *Iliad*; a really scientific investigator is always ready and always certain to do this as fresh evidence comes before him. But the main part of his contention will, I believe, stand the test of future criticism. Homeric enquiry has been planted by him in a new post of advance, from which it can never recede. There is only one point which affects something more than individual lines and forms of words with which I find myself wholly unable to agree. This is the early age to which, as I gather, he would ascribe the composition of the Doom of Ilion.

He has pointed out with great force and lucidity the structure and characteristics of this poem. The author was not only a man of genius; he was also able to plan a long poem of a highly artificial kind. The Doom of Ilion is but a pretext for exhibiting the divine government of the world. Behind and above the human combatants on the Trojan plain are the gods upon whom their success or defeat depend, and the higher law of destiny which even the gods themselves must obey. The poet, too, was

"an idealist in every sense, knowing only good and bad, and dividing these sharply from one another. Diomèdes is for him a cavalier *sans peur et sans reproche*, who continues the fight even when wounded; while the Diomèdes of the *Ménis*, like the other heroes, leaves the field when stricken. Hektör is a purely ideal figure, in whom the hero is blended with the purest and fairest humanity. On the contrary side stand Thersites and Paris in all their moral deformity. . . . Over against the ideal wife Andromakhē, Helen touches close upon the common coquette."

The poet, moreover, lived in a period when the struggle between the people and their lords, between the democratic *agora* and the aristocratic council, had already begun; like Theognis he was "a strong royalist, who sees in the attitude of the popular leaders only jealousy, in that of the people only cowardice and folly."

Now I cannot conceive that a poem of this description can have been composed at an early period. Its artificial character refers us to an age of literature, while the conception of the divine government of the world

which underlies it reminds us of Aeskhylos. The political views of its author, like those of Theognis, belong to the period of the tyrants, when the struggle between the populace and the old aristocracies was going on. It is, too, to this poem that the tone of light mockery in regard to the gods mainly belongs, to which I once drew attention in the *Journal of Philology*. Like the conception of the divine government of the world it seems to me inconsistent with an age which believed the woman Phyē to be the goddess Athéné (Hdt. i. 60), or placed the walls of Ephesos under divine protection by stretching a rope from them to the shrine of Artemis. As the Greek colonists of Asia Minor developed earlier than their kinsfolk on the mainland, it is reasonable to suppose that the mental condition of the Athenians when Phyē appeared among them represented the mental condition of the Greeks of Asia Minor a generation before. I should, therefore, assign the composition of the Doom of Ilion to about B.C. 550; in this case the Kyprian would be older than the "Kyprian redaction" of the Doom and its amalgamation with the *Ménis*. It is only in the Aeolic *Ménis* that we have to look for the really archaic portion of our present *Iliad*.

It is obvious that all attempts to construct a harmonious picture of Homeric times, or of such things as "the Homeric house," "the Homeric polity," and the like, must be as futile as similar attempts to construct harmonious pictures out of the supposed earliest records of other ancient nations which modern criticism has shown to belong to different epochs, and in their present form to be comparatively late. I have long maintained that until we can get behind our present text, and determine what are really the archaic elements in the Homeric poems, it is idle to appeal to them as authorities for the heroic age of Greece, unless their statements are supported by other evidence. We can never be sure that the passage we are using does not reflect the ideas of the time when the poems assumed their existing shape; and how late this was has, I believe, been pointed out by Mr. Paley and myself. Fick has changed all the conditions of the problem. We now know approximately what the poems were like before the date of the oldest MSS. employed by the Alexandrine critics, as well as the elements out of which they were formed. The first stage in the history of Homeric criticism, which is characterised by the names of Wolf and Lachmann, has thus made way for a second.

In conclusion, I would observe that the theory of a European origin of the poems, such as has recently been advocated by Mr. Monro, is absolutely incompatible with the acceptance of Prof. Fick's results. I should not have thought it necessary to note this had I not found so careful and learned a Homeric scholar as Mr. Leaf, in the preface to his book on *The Iliad*, apparently admitting both views at one and the same time. Of course it is possible to maintain that the poems as we now have them have undergone an Attic recension, and thus contain references to the European side of the Aegean; but this is not the same as their European origin.

A. H. SAYCE.

THE TRANSACTIONS OF TWO SCIENTIFIC SOCIETIES.

Proceedings of the Linnean Society of New South Wales. Second Series. Vol. I., Part I., with six Plates. (Sydney; London: Trübner.) The study of natural history in our colonies is making rapid advances, as may, indeed, be easily perceived by an inspection of the valuable objects exhibited in the Indian and Colonial collections now on view at South Kensington. In Australia is this especially the case; and we have here a sufficient proof of it in the commencement of a new series of the *Proceedings* of the Linnean Society of New South Wales, which society owes much of its energy to the support of science given by the three generations of its chief members—Alexander, William Sharp, and William MacLeay. This part contains the papers read at the meetings of the society held in January, February, and March of the present year. Messrs. Ramsay and Ogilby contribute memoirs on a new genus of fresh-water tortoises from New Guinea, and on new fishes from Australia, New Guinea, and New Hebrides. The fossil Mollusca of New Zealand are catalogued by Capt. Hutton, who enumerates 268 species from the Pareora and Oamarra systems; while nearly two-thirds of the present part are devoted to entomology. The beetles collected in New Guinea during the Australian Geographical Society's expedition to the Fly river, where only 295 species were obtained, are described by Mr. MacLeay, showing the absence of certain groups and the comparative rarity of others in the island; while the number of the described beetles of Australia catalogued by Mr. Masters is brought up to 3,033 (of which 691 are Lamellicorn beetles, and 414 Buprestidae). Mr. Olliff describes a new species of flea, parasitic on Echidna hystrix, which does not appear to possess the power of leaping. The muscular system of Petaurista is described by Mr. Haswell; and Mr. Haviland has given an account of a microscopical fungus, *Oidium monilioides*, which attacks and destroys rock and water melons in large quantities.

Journal of the Asiatic Society of Bengal. Vol. LV., Part II., Nos. 1 and 2. (Calcutta; London: Trübner.) The portion of the publications of this active society edited by the natural history secretary has, during the few past years, been especially rich in entomological contributions; and the two portions of the issue for the present year are almost entirely devoted to insects, including an elaborate descriptive list of the Homoptera of India, amounting to nearly 500 species, communicated by Mr. Atkinson. Mr. Doherty gives a list of 271 species of butterflies taken in Kumaon; Mr. F. Moore commences a list of the moths collected in Tavoy and in Siam by the Indian museum collector, under Mr. C. E. Pitman; while Mr. L. de Nicewill gives the life-history of several Calcutta species of Satyrinae, with special reference to the seasonal dimorphism alleged to occur in them. An important memoir on the hive bees indigenous to India, and on the introduction of the Italian bee, is published by Mr. J. C. Douglas. In Botany three new species of Himalayan primulas are described by Dr. G. King, and several new species of Uredines parasitic on Abies Smithiana and Cedrus deodara are described by Surgeon Barolay. J. O. WESTWOOD.

SCIENCE NOTES.

THE effect of long-continued heat artificially applied to certain vitreous rocks, like obsidian and pitchstone, has been investigated by Mr. F. Rutley, of the Normal School of Science, whose paper on the subject has lately been published

by the Royal Society. Thin sections of the rocks in their normal condition and after exposure to heat in a glass furnace have been studied microscopically, and the resulting changes of structure exhibited in a series of illustrations. It is not likely that in nature rocks are ever subjected to absolutely dry fusion; and hence another series of experiments is to be made, with the introduction of water, so as to imitate as closely as possible the actual conditions of nature.

PHILOLOGY NOTES.

M. GEORGE BERTIN will begin early in November the delivery of a series of lectures at the British Museum on "The Languages of the Cuneiform Inscriptions," dealing particularly with the grammar of Akkadian and Assyrian, and giving also an explanation of texts of different epochs. Admission to the lectures will be free.

AMONG the courses of lectures on philology to be given at Cambridge during the present term are the following: "Selected Vedic Hymns," by Prof. Cowell; "Oscan and Umbrian," by Dr. Peile; "Greek Inscriptions," by Mr. Roberts; "Sanskrit Grammar," by Mr. Neil; and "General Phonetics and Latin Phonology," by Prof. Postgate.

A SCHEME for the reorganisation of the Craven trust at Oxford and Cambridge has lately received the sanction of the Court of Chancery. The total sum of money has been raised from £960 to £1,500 a year, the trust for "poor scholars" thus benefitting from the disappearance of the alternative object of the original charity, namely "Christian captives." At Oxford there will be no more Craven scholars on the present footing; but there will be substituted two fellowships of £200 a year, and six scholarships of £40 a year—all tenable for two years, and to be awarded for "classical scholarship and taste." In addition, the annual sum of £80 is to be placed at the disposal of the university "for any purpose connected with the advancement of classical learning." At Cambridge the six existing scholarships of £80 are retained; and a new studentship is founded of £200, to be held for one year, with a possibility of re-election for two further years. In this case the annual sum placed at the disposal of the university is only £40; but its object is enlarged to "the furtherance of research in the languages, literature, history, archaeology, and art of ancient Greece and Rome, and the comparative philology of the Indo-European languages."

MEETINGS OF SOCIETIES.

ENGLISH GOETHE SOCIETY.—(Wednesday, October 6.) H. SCHUTZ WILSON, Esq., in the Chair.—Miss Margaret Bateson read a paper on *Die Leiden des jungen Werther*. She put forward a plea for a more appreciative treatment of *Werther* than had hitherto fallen to its lot in this country. Owing to a peculiarly unfortunate combination of circumstances, attendant upon its first introduction here, prejudices against the book had been awakened in the first instance, which a later and more dispassionate examination, when granted, would do much to allay. For many years after its appearance in Germany it was only known in England in the form of an indirect translation through the French, incorrect in that language, and further, mutilated in the English version. The freshness of the story was also hopelessly destroyed by the adaptations to which it gave rise, and which were, one and all, works of the most inferior literary merit. In addition to these facts, it must not be forgotten that, at the close of the last century, England was, as a nation, almost incapable of appreciating foreign literature, particularly when it was of an impassioned and sentimental character.

Werther is a prominent example of autobiographical fiction. It has, however, been so exclusively viewed in this light that readers have been apt to overlook, in a minute comparison of the events here narrated with the known facts of the author's life, the imaginative element, which makes the character of *Werther* an original creation—neither the mere photograph of Goethe, nor of the hapless Jerusalem, nor of any other human being. In studying what we might know of the facts which gave rise to the book, in ascertaining those data, which we were within our right in ascertaining, we had sometimes forgotten that the limits of the knowable in matters of artistic creation stop short precisely where we should most wish them to begin; that the genius, the personal equation, of the artist must ever remain an unknown quantity. As Goethe has expressed it:

"Die Frage woher haf's der Dichter? geht nur aufs Was.
Vom Wie erfährt dabei niemand etwas."

This work had been too long regarded as calling for special apology and indulgence on the part of the student of Goethe. This had been, perhaps, chiefly owing to the mistake, already noticed, of identifying the writer in every particular with the hero of his tale. It had been assumed, because Goethe's tone, both as a man and a writer, underwent important changes in his mature life, that he looked back upon *Werther* with a degree of shame, and that he would gladly have allowed it to be forgotten. Even Carlyle, in an otherwise appreciative criticism, lent himself to this view when he said that "Goethe smiled at this performance of his youth." This statement Miss Bateson endeavoured to disprove by reminding her hearers that in 1786, after an interval of twelve years since its first publication, Goethe submitted the book to the closest revision, making numberless small corrections and one or two substantial alterations. He acknowledged, it was true, that, in his altered mood, it was a hard task; but that he nevertheless persisted in it she ventured to think was a conclusive proof that he thought the labour would be repaid. Proceeding to discuss the place of this story in the history of German fiction, she pointed out that it was the first production worthy of the name of novel. Fiction, so-called, there had, indeed, been previous to this time; but the romances which had been written had been in truth nothing more than sermons in disguise. Richardson's novels had produced a most singular effect upon German literature. The large didactic element in the works of our English novelist had served to persuade sundry respectable German theologians and others that a large audience could be obtained for trite moral reflections, if those reflections were only sprinkled with a thin sugaring of fiction. This tradition remained practically unimpaired until the time of Goethe; and to it might be attributed the tragic episodes to which *Werther* gave occasion. That *Werther* should be considered a sermon, with a direct practical application, was Goethe's last intention. Truth to nature was before all things his watchword in things literary, as it was Rousseau's in things political. The works of Goethe and the great French thinker which most directly challenged comparison were *Werther* and *La Nouvelle Héloïse*. Goethe had been accused of conservatism in the political sphere. It would be found that Rousseau was a reactionary in the field of pure literature. *La Nouvelle Héloïse* was, from a political point of view, revolutionary in tendency; but from a literary standpoint it was written in obedience to the old convention of subordinating all artistic perfection to the incultivation of a moral purpose. By so doing, by losing reality and sincerity, she contended that it failed of its essential purpose, as we read in *Dichtung und Wahrheit*—"Ein gutes Kunstwerk kann und wird zwar moralische Folgen haben, aber moralische Zwecke vom Künstler fordern heißt ihn sein Handwerk verderben." That the hero of *Werther* was morbid and sentimental was patent to all; but was he on that account a subject to be avoided? Were we in the habit of confining our attention by preference to the study of nicely balanced characters? And, side by side with the sentimental thread of the narrative, she would wish to draw special attention to the many passages fraught with humour and pathos and deep insight into the hidden springs of human

action. Faithful and reverent study of nature, aspirations after an ever-unattainable ideal—had we not here the keynote both of this book and of our present age?

FINE ART.

GREAT SALE of PICTURES, at reduced prices (Engravings, Chromos, and Olographs), handsomely framed. Enquiries about to purchase pictures should pay a visit. Very suitable for wedding and Christmas presents. GRO. HEEZ, 115, Strand, near Waterloo-bridge.

ART BOOKS.

Christian Iconography. By A. N. Didron. Translated by J. Millington, and completed by Margaret Stokes. 2 vols. (Bell.) Miss Stokes, who is so well known as an able writer on Irish antiquities, has accomplished a very useful work in completing this long unfinished treatise by the chief Christian archaeologist in France. Vol. i. is reprinted pretty much as it first appeared among the antiquarian series of Bohn's translations; but vol. ii. is mostly due to Miss Stokes's labour and care. She has not only put in order and edited M. Didron's unpublished notes and illustrations; but she has added some valuable essays and notes of her own, together with a translation of part of the old Byzantine treatise on the authorised manner of representing the favourite saints and sacred subjects, such as decorate the walls of the monastic churches of Mount Athos. The whole book is copiously illustrated, and gives in a cheap and convenient form an immense amount of information on the representations of Christian art from early Byzantine times down to the sixteenth century. Miss Stokes deserves much credit for the way in which she has collected and used the materials required to carry out M. Didron's scheme.

Euphrinos. By Wilhelm Klein. (Vienna: Carl Gerold's Sohn.) This valuable work consists of a study of the styles of various Greek vase paintings, especially those signed by Euphrinos and other Attic ceramic artists. Interesting lists are given of the signed paintings of different artists, mostly of the latter part of the fifth century B.C. These show how some vase painters during this transitional period worked both with black and red figures; and also how the same artist frequently painted the vases of more than one potter. When the same man was both potter and painter the word ΕΙΟΙΕΖΕΝ usually follows his name, while if he painted on another man's vases the word ΕΙΠΑΒΕΝ is used. Some of the vase paintings illustrated by Dr. Klein are of special beauty and interest—notably a *kylix* picture of the dead body of Memnon borne by winged figures of Hypnos and Thanatos, both of whom are represented as graceful long-haired youths. The same scene occurs on some Attic funeral *lecythi*; but on these a difference is made between the figures—Thanatos being represented as a stern, bearded man, while Hypnos only has the face of a handsome youth. Another very beautiful *kylix* signed by Euphrinos has on the inside a fine seated figure of Diomedes, for whom a lady is pouring out wine. On the back is a painting of a horse-race in a hippodrome, very remarkable for the realistic way in which the attitudes of the galloping horses are treated. The positions of the legs of the horses are quite unlike the modern conventional way of representing full speed, and are very similar to the real attitude assumed by a running horse, as has recently been shown by the aid of instantaneous photographs. This is a remarkable example of the quickness of the Greek eye, and their wonderful power of close observation. By the same artist are a fine powerfully drawn picture of Herakles struggling with the Giant Antaeus, and a very graceful scene of Theseus, as a youth upborne by a Triton, presented to Amphitrite by the goddess Athene. It is curious that both the helmet of Athene and

the aegis on her breast are covered with the same minute scale-work, which seems to have been a conventional way of treating the tufts of hair on the shaggy goat's skin.

Les Musées d'Allemagne. (Cologne, Munich, Cassel.) Par Emile Michel. "Bibliothèque Internationale de l'Art." (Paris: Rouam.) Another volume of this readable and excellently illustrated series is certain of a favourable reception from amateurs. We need not, therefore, fear to be critical. M. Michel has not exactly discovered the museums of Germany; that, he says, was done in 1844 by Viardot! Still "the public" does not, as yet, know much about them—"the public" of course, meaning the French public. In England it is not improbable that many German galleries are as well known as the Louvre. The museum of Köln is, at all events, an old favourite. M. Michel takes us there pleasantly enough, and acts as an excellent companion. His historical knowledge of the Köln School does not rest upon a broad or very deeply founded basis. He has his little sins of inaccuracy—as for instance, when he writes Loethener for Lochner; but these, after all, are small matters, when the general tone and spirit of the whole work are considered. For M. Michel has the one essential possession—an eye to see with. He has a true aesthetic sense. He regards a picture as a work of art and not merely as a subject for archaeological enquiry. He looks primarily for something to enjoy; and when he finds it, he shares with the reader not merely his discovery, but something of his power of enjoyment. As a result his book is readable and even re-readable. He never halts so long over a subject as to become either superfluous or wearisome. He writes brightly rather than thoroughly. His journeys have been those of an art-critic, rather than an art-historian. He is not much troubled with archives. He is not desirous of changing the attributions of doubtful works. The excellence of a picture does not really depend upon the name of the artist, though from the tone of much modern writing one might believe that such was the case. Not but what M. Michel has a true sense of authorship. His brief remarks are sometimes more suggestive than the laboured analysis of his Teutonic rivals. If a critical matter can be made interesting to the ordinary reader, the chances are it finds mention in this book. If a question has long been debated, and still remains *sub judice*, M. Michel is content to state the fact without epitomising the arguments. Thus we advance without wearisome pauses, and turn from page to page with little fatigue. It goes without saying that half the charm of the volume depends upon the illustrations, which are interspersed with no sparing hand. Of woodcuts there are eighty, besides fifteen full-page etchings. Some of the cuts are good; but the average does not rise very high. The etchings are all fair; and E. Bocourt's plate after the fine portrait at Munich, formerly attributed to Holbein, and now somewhat hesitatingly assigned to Bartholomaeus de Bruyn, is really first-rate. With the choice of the pictures to be reproduced we are not by any means so well pleased. There are three plates after Teniers, and one each after Coques and Brauer. On the other hand there is but one Rembrandt; and the southern painters are only represented by Palma Vecchio's self-portrait (Munich), and one of Murillo's pictures of peasant children, which is neither novel nor pleasing. If we say that the book is not of a monumental or exhaustive character, M. Michel will tell us that it was never intended to be so. He wrote to please, and his work is pleasing. Let it therefore be described as successful. The part dealing with Köln appeared in 1884 in the *Bibliothèque des Musées*.

Practical Perspective. By A. Cassagnie and Murray Wilson. (Paris: Fourant.) M. Cassagnie's book is one of the most complete of its kind. Although, according to its title, it deals with the practical side only of the science, it is very thorough, taking the student from the elementary stages of cubes and squares through curves and many-sided figures, and finishing with the perspective of shades and reflections. It contains more than will be needed by most artists—indeed, they are very few who could pass an examination in it; but it may well be recommended to all of them. A sound knowledge of the principles of this science will be found of the greatest value, and there are very few books from which this knowledge can be acquired so quickly and pleasantly. The numerous pictures and diagrams with which it is illustrated are well drawn and clearly engraved. The English version has been carefully done; but Mr. Wilson's preference for a literal translation has been carried to somewhat of an excess, as when he uses the word perpendicular for a line which is horizontal.

The Likeness of Christ. By the late Thomas Heaphy. (S.P.C.K.) This book unhappily shows more religious zeal than antiquarian knowledge. It is an attempt, and a very unsuccessful one, to show that the bearded type of Christ's face, common in mediaeval art, is derived from a real tradition of His personal aspect, dating from the earliest Christian times. This thesis is maintained by the most reckless distortion of the real facts and dates of the early representations of Christ. It is a pity that the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge should lend their name to so misleading a book. The illustrations are little better than the text.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE TOMB OF AN ETRUSCAN LADY.

Todi, Umbria: October 8, 1886.

Since the life-size bronze statue of Mars in helmet and full armour, now in the Vatican Museum, was unearthed forty-five years ago near this city, the ancient Tuder of Etruria, no excavation in Umbria has equalled in interest that made on September 25 and the two following days, a few paces outside the Porta Fratta. Numerous fragments of pottery, &c., had led the brothers Orsini, to whom the land belongs, to search with care for any relics of value. To this care is due the remarkable state of completeness in which the gold, bronze, and terra-cotta ornaments have been taken from the earth above a case of wood that had enclosed the remains of the body of a woman of rank—perhaps, as has been suggested without much consideration, that of a priestess. The wooden case has entirely perished from lapse of time, leaving only the clasps and beaded decorations to show its former existence. The position of each object has been noted as it was removed, the operation lasting three days. Hopes are entertained that the written characters, some fourteen or fifteen in number, inscribed on the face of an immense golden ring may provide a key to the name, or dignity, of the woman. An impression of them has been sent to men learned in this mysterious language. The style of the vases and bronzes point to a period about six hundred years before the Christian era. Several archaeologists are here, and the arrival of the Government Commissioner for Tuscan and Umbrian antiquities is expected. He will estimate the money value of the find, which is large, and its destination will probably be Rome, under the terms of the Pacca Law. The cranium of the woman has been placed among the rest of the treasures found, and has the usual very low forehead of the Etruscan type.

I will not attempt more than a slight description of some of the articles, leaving minute observations and measurements to the Italian and German experts, who will furnish their respective societies with exact details. I understand that the ear pendants, between four and five inches in length, are longer than any hitherto discovered, except perhaps a pair in the British, and another pair in the Perugia, Museum. They have upon them a female head, and three delicate chains suspending tassels all of fine gold.

I select from about forty different objects for special mention the following: A bronze candelabrum, as the Italians call it, but really a tripod used for burning perfumes, supported on three winged female figures in various attitudes, all with arms extended before them, except one, who places her left hand on her head; above, upon a circle, or wheel, ornamented with four, as I may best describe them, inverted *fleurs de lis*, stands a long-tailed Satyr with head erect, apparently washing in a round dish two nondescript balls, which he is rolling up and down; his legs are stretched wide apart on two edges of the wheel. Half way up the stem is another winged female, and surmounting the whole is a square reservoir for the perfumes or unguents, bearing on each angle a swan in repose. A statuette of Bacchus, standing inclined in an easy attitude, with legs crossed in a fashion which calls to mind the celebrated marble faun at Rome. Another Bacchus carrying on his head a long and empty basket, with over it an ornamental shell. A curious little owl, which served as pinnacle to a broken bronze vessel, found near the place where would lie the feet of the lady. A most beautifully shapen small terra-cotta vase, of Greek appearance, with a male and female head, back to back, on the top. A mirror, probably held in the right hand, was found behind the shoulder; I observed two words engraved upon it. A long ivory instrument, with a handle elaborately and tastefully carved with a ram's head. A purple-and-white glass scent-bottle. Two single-handled vases in terra-cotta.

The golden ornaments are very numerous. First is the above-named massive signet ring, which has two full-length figures impressed on it, and a star over all. The letters inscribed on it are quite clear and distinct. A brooch adorned with a female head. A beautiful medallion with an onyx stone centre. A plain gold ring, rather broader than a modern Englishwoman's wedding ring, which exactly fitted my third finger. Another ring, with onyx stone revolving on a pivot. A pair of small close-fitting earrings. A triple chain of gold, in pattern like the Genoese filagree work, which was attached to the above medallion. Twenty large gold buttons, half of them ornamented with a head, and the rest with a star. Two hundred pieces of gold, in equalized fragments, which had formed a long chain, and broken loose from the filament on which they were strung. A quantity of garniture in the same precious metal, which had been sewn on the lady's apparel.

I conclude this imperfect list by expressing my regret that one of our capable official experts has not occupied the position that, with small experience, a happy chance has thrust upon me just at the time of my long-intended visit to this decaying Umbrian city. Approached by no railway, its only public communication with the outer world is by a slow diligence that brings the daily mail from Perugia, thirty miles distant, and, travelling at a little over four miles an hour, reaches Todi in about seven hours' time.

Too few strangers ever see the noble Church of the Consolazione, built by Sangallo (*not* by Bramante, as guide books sheep-like assert),

which, resembling the Church of Santo Biagio at Montepulciano, in Tuscany, by the same famous architect, is in the compact form of a Greek cross. Sangallo did not affect narrow streets, so both these churches are at some distance beyond the city walls, and stand alone with all their beauties openly displayed. Except a large picture by Spagna, pupil of Perugino, hung in the commonplace gallery of the Municipio, and another by the same painter in the cathedral, I have as yet seen only one other true work of art in Todi—viz., a grand statue in marble by Bernini on the high altar of the Church of San Filippo, representing San Filippo Neri with uplifted face, as if from the contemplation of a crucifix held forth reverently in his outstretched left hand.

Poverty-stricken themselves, their patrician nobility extinct, the palace itself of the historic Atti family given up to base public uses, 4,000 Todini continue to drag on a sad existence inside their once flourishing walls, which still enclose in their wide circumference many interesting churches and convents, but now bereft by foreign violence of those faded pictorial glories, which somehow oftentimes cling longest and last to otherwise deserted, dying, and dead mediaeval cities in Italy.

WILLIAM MERCER.

NOTES ON ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY.

MR. J. H. MIDDLETON, the Slade professor of fine art at Cambridge, will lecture this term once every week on "The Development of Mediaeval Art." In classical archaeology, Mr. Waldstein will lecture on "The History of Greek Painting"; and Mr. Tilley will have a class on the subject of "Herculaneum and Pompeii."

THE first general meeting of the Hellenic Society for the present session will be held at 22 Albemarle Street on Thursday, October 21, at 5 p.m., Mr. Sidney Colvin, vice-president, in the chair. The papers to be read are on "A Bronze Leg in the British Museum," by Mr. E. J. Poynter, and on "Vases representing the Judgment of Paris," by Miss J. E. Harrison.

THE receiving day for pictures for the next exhibition of the Institute of Painters in Oil Colours is Wednesday, November 3.

THE ninth annual exhibition of the Scottish Society of Painters in Watercolours will be opened in Glasgow, at the end of next week.

COL. J. EDWARDS CLARKE, of Washington, is engaged, at the request of the United States Senate, upon an important work, which promises to be of great value to educationists and others interested in art, viz., a report on *Industrial and High Art Education in the United States*, the first volume of which ("Drawing in Public Schools") has just been issued as a "Senate Document" from the Government printing office. The report, when finished, will consist of four volumes, the whole to be a sort of encyclopaedia of the topics included, while each volume will be complete in itself.

MESSRS. HOLLENDER & CREMETTI have now on view, in the Hanover Gallery, in New Bond Street, a collection of about one hundred pictures, chiefly of the foreign school. Here is to be seen Bastien Lepage's famous portrait of Mdme. Sarah Bernhardt, the frame of which has been no less talked about than the canvas. There are also examples of Millet, Corot, Daubigny, Munkacsy, Tissot, &c.

We may content ourselves with mentioning that the Belgian, M. Jan Van Beers, has also opened a third exhibition of his own works, with those of others, in what he calls the Salon Parisien, in New Bond Street.

Of the total number of works exhibited at the late exhibition of the Royal Institute of

Painters in Water Colours, amounting to 1,066, 342 pictures found purchasers within the galleries, realising the sum of £11,217 2s.

MUSIC.

LEEDS MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

Leeds: Oct. 13, 1886.

As the festival commenced only to-day, we cannot this week get beyond the performance of "Israel in Egypt" and the production of the first novelty this evening. We venture, however, to say that both in quantity and in quality the music of the week will compare favourably with that of any previous occasion. The committee wisely felt that they could not do better than carry on the policy which proved so successful in 1880 and 1883—viz., to make novelties an important feature of the scheme. In the first of the years mentioned there were two works by native composers; in the second three, and, besides, Raff's *Oratorio*, "The End of the World"; and now, in 1886, we have no less than four English works, and an oratorio by Herr Dvorák, a foreign musician, of whom it may be said that at present he attracts the attention of the whole musical world. Of the English composers the committee justly remind us that they are men of mark, whose achievements in the past entitle them to confidence. To try unknown men on such important occasions is a dangerous experiment, and not to be recommended even with the chance from time to time of an agreeable surprise.

Then, apart from the novelties, there are other points in the scheme which deserve commendation. The great German master, Sebastian Bach, has been too much neglected by festival authorities; and his Mass in B minor, which is to be given on Thursday morning, is a masterpiece that will be welcomed by all true lovers of musical art. We are glad, too, to hear that it is to be given as nearly as possible in conformity with the composer's intentions—we cannot say with his score, for the organ part, the life and soul of the work, was never written out, but only vaguely indicated by figuring. A part has been prepared by the organist, Mr. Cliffe, under the direction of Sir A. Sullivan. Handel's "Messiah" gives place to "Israel in Egypt," a work less often performed and better suited to show the powers of the famed Leeds choir; and Mendelssohn's "Elijah" no longer heads the list of performances, but will be given on the Saturday evening, at the close of the festival, in place of the usual miscellaneous concert.

Mr. Alfred Broughton again figures as chorus-master, and Mr. J. T. Carrodus as principal first violin; chorus and band number over four hundred performers. All care has been taken, by testing the voice and reading powers of every candidate, to render the choir as perfect as possible. The organists are Dr. W. Spark and Mr. F. Cliffe. For the third time, Sir A. Sullivan occupies the important post of conductor.

For the performance of "Israel in Egypt" this morning every seat in the Town Hall was sold. After the National Anthem had been sung, Mr. E. Lloyd commenced the recitative which introduces the great chain of choruses of the first part of "Israel." The singing of the choir was wonderfully impressive. There is the same richness and power of tone that in former years excited our admiration. It is not only the quality of the voices that calls for notice, but the smoothness of the singing, the decision with which points are taken up by the various parts, the delicacy of the soft, and the strength of the loud, passages. The quality of tone of the basses is particularly striking. In many places—as in "A thick darkness," "The depths have cover'd them," and "The people

shall hear and be afraid"—they produced effects which one seems to feel rather than hear. The sopranos had a fine opportunity in "And with the blast" of showing with what ease and steadiness they can sustain high notes. The rendering of the magnificent double chorus, "I will sing unto the Lord," was grand in the extreme; while for delicacy and refinement we would especially mention "The people shall hear." There was one drawback to the morning performance which robbed some of the choruses—notably the "Hailstone"—of much of their grandeur, and that was the speed at which they were taken; for that, of course, the conductor was responsible.

The solo vocalists were Miss Anna Williams, Mrs. Hutchinson, Madam. Patey, and Messrs. Lloyd, Santley and Brereton; and of these it will be sufficient to say that they all did themselves justice. Dr. Spark, at the organ, rendered effective help in the choruses. In speaking about Bach's Mass we mentioned that special efforts are going to be made to respect the composer's intentions. In the performance of "Israel" there were signs that Sir A. Sullivan was making an effort in the same direction with regard to the Saxon master. But there is still room for improvement. It was a treat not to hear the staccato note in the "Hailstone" chorus, the added chord in "He rebuked the Red Sea," the flourish of brass stuck on at the end of "Thy right hand, O Lord"; but why, we would ask, are Handel's trombone parts persistently ignored? Trombones are not used in some choruses where the composer introduces them, and are used in others when they ought to be silent. Handel's effects of contrast of tone-colour are spoilt. It would have been well, too, if the conductor had managed to persuade the two eminent singers, Madam. Patey and Mr. E. Lloyd, the one not to sing notes an octave lower, the other an octave higher, than written by Handel. These great artists do not, perhaps, sufficiently think of the bad example which they set, and which other singers less distinguished imitate.

On Wednesday evening was performed Dr. Mackenzie's secular cantata "The Story of Sayid." The libretto, written by Mr. J. Bennett, is founded on a short poem from Mr. Edwin Arnold's "Pearls of the Faith." The story is a simple and touching one. An Arab chief, Sayid, is taken prisoner by Ibn-Sawa, Lord of Bahrein. He is condemned to death, but asks permission first to go home and see his newly-born son. Sawa remembers that before the war the Arab chief once gave him water to drink; hence he is allowed to ask any boon but life. The wish is granted on condition that a hostage be found. His sister's son comes forward. Sayid departs, but returns only just in time to save his nephew's life. Sawa, astonished at the deed, spares the life of Sayid. Mr. J. Bennett turns the nephew, Ishak of Tayf, into a princess, Ilmas, daughter of Sawa. Her sudden pity and love for an enemy are as unnatural as the devotion of the sister's son in the poem is natural. Mr. J. Bennett, however, not finding a female character in the original, proceeded to invent one. He had, of course, Mr. Arnold's permission to use his poem as a basis. He has added many lines; and, owing to the alteration just mentioned, the latter part has been materially changed. The poem is, to a certain extent, spoilt, but Mr. Bennett's lyrics show taste and skill; for musical purposes a heroine was apparently essential. Some of the situations are exceedingly good.

The story seems to have inspired Dr. Mackenzie, for we consider this cantata one of the best things which he has written. It commences with a chorus in which the Hindus lament the desolations of war. The music is expressive, and the effect is heightened by some

local colouring in the orchestra. The arrival of Sawa is graphically described. The chorus of thanksgiving to Vishnu, the preserver, is full of vigour; and, but for a reminiscence from one of Schumann's Novellets, we should pronounce it decidedly original. The unison phrase, "Let each Arab die," and the little wild figures in the orchestra, are very telling. It is followed by an effectively scored March. Sayid's long solo, "Where sets the sun," contains some very charming music; and the orchestration throughout is extremely picturesque. The opening section is perhaps a little too sentimental. There is a good deal of character about Ilmas's solo, "First of his prophet's warriors he," but it is not one of the most striking numbers. The following chorus, "Release him not," opens with a very distinct reminiscence of Dvorák's "Spectre's Bride." The first part closes in a vigorous manner. In the second part we have Ilmas surrounded by her maidens, and naturally a chorus for female voices. "Sweet the balmy days of Spring" is a little gem, and will become popular. The voice parts are melodious, and the orchestration dainty. As sung by the Leeds choir it produced great effect. Scene the second is a solemn March; and, considering the great difficulty of writing an original piece of this kind, we think the composer has been singularly successful. The spirit of Beethoven's Funeral March of the Eroica seems to pervade it, but without recalling any particular phrase. The music of the scene when Ilmas is preparing for death, and of the arrival of Sayid, shows much dramatic power. The interest is well sustained to the close. The duet between Ilmas and Sayid has a particular Mackenzie flavour about it. This is another number which will become a favourite. The Finale is well worked up, and becomes more and more exciting as it progresses. There are many proofs in it of the composer's skill in part-writing. In the work considerable use is made of representative themes, but they are introduced with judgment. One has really to look carefully at the work to see how much is made of them. Of the orchestration we have spoken. With regard to the writing we must praise the composer for the clear manner in which everything is expressed. There is no violent attempt to be original.

The performance, on the whole, was a very fine one. Here and there were signs that a little more time could have been profitably spent at rehearsal. Two whole days, however, are set apart for rehearsals of festival works—not to speak of band rehearsals in London; but though a more liberal allowance than any other festival committee grants, it is scarcely enough to secure perfection. Dr. Mackenzie had the advantage of Madam. Albani for the soprano music, and she entered heart and soul into the rôle of Ilmas. Mr. Barton McGuckin sang the Sayid music. He was in good voice, and made the most of his part. Mr. Watkin Mills was effective as Sawa. The choir, of course, did full justice to the choruses. The delicate chorus for female voices was beautifully rendered. We fancy, however, that it would be still more effective with a smaller chorus and smaller orchestra. The solemn March was magnificently interpreted by the band. The work was conducted by the composer.

The second part of the programme included a selection from Mozart's charming opera "Idomeneo" with Mrs. Hutchinson, Miss Damiani and Messrs. McGuckin and Watkin Mills and chorus. The solo music was tastefully rendered. Two unaccompanied part-songs by Berthold Tours and Leslie were much applauded. They were conducted by the chorister, Mr. Alfred Broughton. The concert concluded with Weber's "Euryanthe" overture.

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